

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII. STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1884. NEW SERIES.--NUMBER 402.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1884.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER 402

THE DEED IS DONE!

THE BATTLE IS RAGING ! TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER.

**THE GUNS ARE BOOMING AND A FEARFUL CUTTING IN THE
WHOLE LINES!**

A GREAT MANY WOUNDED, BUT NONE DEAD!

The above heading may read very sensational, but it is the full truth, that from this day on till January 1st (inclusive) every article in my Store will be offered AT AND BELOW COST! By doing this I will naturally lose money during this red letter sale, but my customers as well as those who wish to patronize me shall be convinced that D. KLASS will not be undersold by any one.

Now is the time to take Advantage of this Great Opportunity and Lay in Your Supplies.

I have bought too heavy—the season for Fall Goods was short. The only remedy left for me is to unload (as I never believe in carrying stocks over from season to season) and the way of unloading quick is to put

The Dagger in the Prices up to the Handle, without regard of the Losses. My Motto is: "First Loss, Best Loss."

Here are some of the Cuts and Slashes that will be made, (I can not give them all, on account of limited space) during this RED LETTER SALE:

CUTS IN THE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.						CUTS IN THE BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.		
Men's Overcoats cut from.....	\$16 00 to \$12 00	Indigo Blue Calico, from.....	7c down to 5c	Ladies' Custom Made Shoes, from.....	\$4 50 down to \$3 50			
" " " "	15 00 to 11 50	Great Western Cotton, from.....	7c down to 6c	" " " "	3 75 down to 2 75			
" " " "	10 00 to 7 50	Good Sheetting (10) from.....	25c down to 20c	" " " "	3 00 down to 2 50			
" " " "	9 00 to 6 75	Good Plaid Cotton, from.....	8c down to 6c	" " " "	2 50 down to 2 00			
" " " "	7 50 to 5 00	Good Ginghams, from.....	8c down to 6c	" Fine Button Shoes, "	2 00 down to 1 50			
" " " "	5 00 to 3 75	Good Canton Flannel, from.....	15c down to 12c	Good Front Lace Shoes "	1 75 down to 1 25			
" " " "	4 00 to 2 25	Good Canton Flannel, from.....	10c down to 8c	" " " "	1 50 down to 1 00			
Men's Suits.....	20 00 to 17 00	" " " "	8c down to 6c	" " " "	2 00 down to 1 50			
" " " "	18 00 to 15 00	" " " "	7c down to 5c	Men's Boots, Calf Skin, "	2 50 down to 1 85			
" " " "	15 00 to 12 50	Good Bleached Cotton, "	7c down to 5c	" " " "	3 50 down to 2 50			
" " " "	13 00 to 10 00	Fruit of the Loom Cotton, from.....	9c down to 8c	" " " "	4 00 down to 3 00			
" " " "	10 00 to 7 00	Best Bed Ticking, from.....	25c down to 18c	Men's Pairs (whole stock) "	3 50 down to 2 50			
" " " "	8 00 to 5 00	Good Bed Ticking, from.....	18c down to 15c	" " " "	2 25 down to 1 75			
" " " "	7 00 to 4 75	" " " "	15c down to 10c	" " " "	2 50 down to 2 00			
Boys' Suits.....	7 00 to 5 00	" " " "	12c down to 8c	Children's Boots, "	1 25 down to 1 00			
" " " "	6 00 to 4 00	" Bed Comforts "	\$2 down to \$1 50	" " " "	1 00 down to 75c			
" " " "	5 00 to 3 50	" " " "	\$1 50 down to \$1	Plow Shoes, "	1 50 down to 75c			
" " " "	4 50 to 3 25	All Wool Blankets "	\$1 25 down to 75c	Cuts in Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods Department.				
" " " "	3 75 to 2 50	Good Blankets, "	\$5 down to \$4	Men's Nice Hat*, from.....	\$3 50 down to \$2 50			
" " " "	1 75 to 1 25	" " " "	\$3 50 down to \$2 50	" " " "	2 75 down to 2 00			
" " " "	1 50 to 1 00	Large Bed Spreads, from.....	\$2 down to \$1 50	" " " "	2 00 down to 1 50			
" " " "	1 25 to 75c	Large Shawls, from.....	\$1 down to 75c	" " " "	1 75 down to 1 25			
Jeans Conts.....	2 00 to 1 50	" " " "	\$2 50 down to \$1 75	" " " "	1 50 down to 1 00			
CUTS IN THE DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.			Dress Goods, from.....	8c down to 5c	Bows* "	1 25 down to 85c		
Good Calico Cut from.....	5c down to 2 1/2c	All Wool Cashmere, from.....	\$1 down to 65c	" " " "	90 down to 50c	" " " "	75 down to 40c	
		Dress Flannels, from.....	75c down to 60c	Good Cape, "	75 down to 40c	" " " "	50 down to 25c	
				" Undershirt, "	50 down to 25c	" " " "	85 down to 50c	
				Overshirts, "	75 down to 50c	" " " "	50 down to 25c	

And cuts in everything from a pin up.

Remember my Goods are all Fresh, New, bought this Fall, and no old shelf-worn stock or auction trash. Remember that what I say I mean; no cheap talk, and finally

REMEMBER D. KLAAS' STORE,

Opposite Myers Hotel,

Is the place you should Visit first, Examine the Goods and hear the Prices
before you invest one dollar elsewhere.

Stanford, Ky.

D. CLASS.

W. P. WALTON.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that the proposed visit of Sam Randall to Kentucky Tennessee and Alabama is well understood there to be a declaration of war by the Protectionists upon the Revenue Reformers of the States in question. Joe Brown, of Georgia, is the Southern manager of this scheme. Mr. Randall's hope is to secure something like a demonstration at Louisville, which the protection newspapers can claim as a rebuke of Beck, Blackburn, Carlisle and Willis and another at Nashville to rebuke Iaham G. Harris, and then a great uprising of iron workers at Birmingham to tell the world that there is a revolution of opinion on the tariff in the South and a consuming fire for the Pennsylvania idea. It is also said that the amiable editor of the Louisville Post had a hand in inducing Randall's visit. He wants to get up a protection boom in Louisville and thereby spite the Courier Journal, which counsels against any public notice of the visit at all.

The Boston Post says: "Here and there a contemporary has remarked that, even if tendered the position of Secretary of State, Mr. Bayard would hesitate to accept, lest by so doing he might destroy his chances for a future election to the Presidency. That would be a poor reason for hesitation or declination. History proves that the office of Secretary of State is a fine stepping stone to the Presidency. Of our Chief Magistrate Thomas Jefferson was Secretary of State under Washington; James Monroe occupied the same position under Madison; so did Quincy Adams under James Monroe; Martin Van Buren was Andrew Jackson's Secretary, and James Buchanan was Secretary under James K. Polk. There have been a few misuses, as Henry Clay under Adams, William H. Steward under Lincoln, and James G. Blaine under Garfield. Presidential aspirants are not likely to refuse an offer of the Secretaryship for the reasons given by some of our contemporaries.

It took no particular amount of sagacity to predict that Blaine's libel suit against the Indiana paper would never be brought to trial, or to see that the heroic manner in which Blaine announced that he would defend his family's honor if needs be, with his life, was a beautiful pose for political effect. The suit was dismissed by Blaine's attorneys Tuesday, their client representing that he could not get justice in Indiana. Is there a man living now who doubts that the Plumed Knight seduced the woman whom afterwards he was forced to make his wife?

A SCHEME to use the surplus in the Treasury to make up to soldiers and sailors of the late war the amount lost by them by reason of depreciation of the money in which they were paid from 1862 to 1865, was very properly reported adversely by the Committee on Military Affairs. The country seems to be doing about as much for her soldiers as she ought to be required to do. Most all the men who were in the Federal army are drawing a pension or trying to do so, and sixty to a hundred million dollars is being annually paid out for that purpose.

The New Mackay-Bennett cable received an answer to a message sent last week in 45 seconds. The New York office inquired how the weather was in London, when in that incredible space of time the answer came, "Stormy night—very dry." The space traversed was over 8,000 miles. This is wonderful and yet there is an American statesman who could have thought up a lie even quicker than that.

THE World's Exposition at New Orleans is now under headway, President Arthur having, from the White House in Washington, set the machinery in motion, Tuesday, by simply touching a button connected with a telegraph line to the mammoth building 1,300 miles away. It will take weeks yet to get the exhibits in order but even now the Exposition is the biggest thing ever seen in the South.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—North Middleton suffered a \$5,000 fire Tuesday.

—The snow is from three inches to three feet deep all over the Northwest.

—The bill to establish a Department of Agriculture has passed the House.

—In Philadelphia 1426 women and 293 men are praying for divorce in the courts.

—The bill to make the Southern part of Dakota Territory a State passed the Senate by a strict party vote.

—A bill prohibiting railroads from charging over three cents per mile for passengers has passed the House.

—London corporation offers \$25,000 reward for the capture and conviction of persons implicated in the attempt to blow up London bridge.

—A Washington paper says Blaine believes Senator Gorman induced Old Burdick to make the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" speech.

—In the House a bill was passed which authorizes Postmasters to forward mail matter of second, third and fourth class, on which postage has once been paid in full.

—Mrs. Fannie O'Connor, of Knoxville, Tenn., has within two weeks had two fine barns and their contents, fifty animals, horses, cattle, mules, etc., destroyed by incendiaries.

—Senator Bayard is said to have written a letter to President Cleveland, at the latter's request, signifying his preference for the post of Secretary of the Treasury in the next Cabinet.

—The citizens of Catlettsburg have approved a law which prohibits the sale, giving, lending or procuring of spirituous liquors in that place or within three miles of the corporate limits.

—James Mitchell, pugilist, was arrested on a charge of murder. It is alleged it was in a fight between Mitchell and Muldoon, near Yardleyville, Bucks county, a year ago, and Muldoon died of the injuries.

—In the House the vote on the proposition to retire the one dollar and two dollar legal-tender notes and issue silver certificates in denominations of one, two and five dollars, was defeated by a vote of 216 to 49.

—The will of the late R. R. Springer, of Cincinnati, gives to charitable associations about \$500,000. Every Catholic charity is remembered and Music Hall gets \$75,000; the College of Music \$50,000 and the Art Museum \$25,000.

—The only punishment inflicted on the Captain and Mate of the Mignonne for eating the cabin boy is, that they shall be fed at public expense for six months. Had they eaten the chambermaid they would probably have been pensioned for life.

—It is stated that Mr. James S. Harrahan, General Manager of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, has sent his resignation to President Milton H. Smith, to take effect the 1st of January. It is generally understood that Maj. James Geddis will be made General Manager.

—Few people have any idea of the size of the Exposition building at New Orleans. The Centennial hall at Philadelphia was considered an enormous structure, but it is said the Centennial buildings altogether could be easily stored away in the main hall in New Orleans, which covers between thirty and forty acres.

—The Controller of the Currency, who is Commissioner of the Freedmans Savings and Trust Company, made his annual report to Congress of the affairs of that company. The total payment made depositors since the failure of the institution were \$1,715,444, or 62 per cent, on total deposits. The Controller recommends that Congress make provisions for the payment of the 38 per cent. balance due depositors, which is estimated at \$959,000.

—The fact is, and there need be no winking at it, that Lynch law does its work better in this State than the law of the Commonwealth. During the past two years there have probably been a dozen lynchings in Kentucky, every victim of which amply deserved the fate he met. Within the same time there have been upwards of two hundred killings, a large number of which were cold-blooded murders, the perpetrators of which fell into the hands of the law. Now, how many executions have there been? Perhaps half a dozen. —[Louisville Commercial.]

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Wm. Denny shipped from this point to New Orleans, Wednesday, 36 head of good cotton mules.

—The County Court recorded Wednesday, a conveyance of 46 acres of land from G. M. Moore to W. F. Pitman. The land is situated on Salt River and sold for \$22,700.

—Mr. Wm. A. Van Fleet and Miss Emma C. Barkley, and Mr. Frank G. Wood and Miss Sue Yeager obtained license to marry Tuesday and Mr. W. W. Begley and Miss S. R. Edwards on Wednesday.

—As the weather grows colder hog, turkey and chicken stealing becomes brisk. Mr. D. B. Goode lost three fine hogs; Mr. G. R. Pope 13 turkeys and any number of people have had chickens stolen, but thus far the thieves have eluded capture.

—Amanda Briscoe was tried Wednesday before the police court for a breach of the peace and acquitted and on Thursday morning was brought up, charged with using violent, abusive and menacing language towards another, but as the acts complained of on both occasions were the same, His Honor thought that the latter prosecution should be merged into the former, and for that reason consigned it to the tomb of the Capulets.

—The students of two of the classes of Centre College before whom Dr. L. S. McMurry has been lecturing for some months past, on Wednesday presented him with some fine instruments very useful to gentlemen in his profession. The presentation was in appreciation of the Doctor's efforts to instruct them and took place in the College building. What the subject of the lectures were and the name of the instruments, your correspondent was unable to learn.

—George G. Beddow, after several continuances, was tried Wednesday for selling a drink of whisky to a noble youth named Henry Price. After banging away at the case for several hours, George G. Beddow was finally convicted and fined \$100 and costs. From this decision George G. Beddow prayed an appeal to the Circuit Court, which prayer was granted, and now George G. Beddow is to be tried again in February for selling a drink of whisky to a noble youth named Henry Price.

Wly, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch while some must sleep,
So runs the world away.

—Wednesday night about 8 o'clock while several persons were sitting in the ticket office of the Cincinnati Southern depot, an unknown man of unknown color stepped into the public room adjoining, picked up a trunk left there by a passenger and carried it a short distance east of the depot and proceeded to break it open. The noise he made attracted the attention of those in the ticket office and made them suspect for the first time what was going on. On being approached he fled. A young man named Williams shot at him several times but does not think he hit him. He climbed the back fence of Mr. Joe H. Thomas and ran from there to the premises of W. M. Fields, Jr., where he finally disappeared.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—Mercury 8 degrees above zero this morning, ice almost thick enough for skating.

—There has been a great deal of lawing at Livingston lately. Two of our lawyers have been down there all the time for about a week.

—Christmas promises to be very lively up here. Several ladies from a distance will spend that week in this place.

—Our town is supplied with coal from local mines at 12½ cents per bushel. The Laurel coal, delivered at this place costs from 10½ to 11 cents.

—D. P. Bethurum will begin the manufacture of whisky in a few days. His distillery is situated near his residence. J. W. Miller has been appointed storekeeper for the United States to watch the said distillery.

—Rabbits and partridges are very plentiful in this vicinity, our hunters are slaughtering them by the dozen every day. Some of the farmers have posted their lands and do not allow parties from a distance to hunt on their premises.

—A twelve year old daughter of John Jarret, living near Brodhead, was burned to death one day last week. She was left at home to take care of some smaller children while her mother was away, and getting too near to the fire place, her clothes caught and she began to whirl around the room until they were all burned off. She died in a short time.

—Miss Ollie Butler, of Brodhead, accompanied by Misses Swope and Withers, of Lincoln, are visiting at this place. Miss Susie Green, of Garrard, is visiting at John T. Clark's. Eugene Snodgrass, of Lexington, is going to spend the holidays at his old home. Eld. J. H. Limerick and wife, of London, have taken their abode at W. J. Cook's, in this county.

—The following named young ladies and gentlemen were appointed by the superintendent of the Sunday School to act as a committee to arrange a Christmas tree: Misses Ida Adams, Geo. Williams, Ella Joppin and Rosa Reppert, Messrs. S. L. Whitehead, T. N. Roberts and F. H. Rippet. This committee is to have full control over everything connected with the Christmas tree.

—J. L. Whitehead invites every body to examine his stock of Holiday goods before buying elsewhere. Besides the usual line of toys, he has a good stock of silverware, consisting of Individual Castors, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, Pickle Castors, Vases, Toilet Sets, Jewelry Cases, &c., also a good collection of Poems, Novels, Stories, Chattebooks, Photograph and Scrap Albums. Santa Claus will, during Xmas, make his headquarters at Whitehead's store in both Williamsburg and Mt. Vernon. Mail orders promptly attended to and female orders will receive the immediate attention of the proprietor.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Many of the sweet school-girls will go home during the holidays, and the faculty will have a little needed rest.

—The lawyers say that litigation is looking up a little. It's time for them that it should, for the want dockets in our Courts for a long time has caused them to look down. However, when the lawyers are not doing well, it is not a bad sign for the rest of the population.

—Mr. L. F. Hubble is still on the decline. He gets mysterious looking missives through the mail and mysterious looking packages come to him by express. He spends most of his time gazing contemplatively at a small picture frame, embossed in blue. In common parlance, Frank has got it bad.

—Mr. George D. Bardett, of the Enterprise Grocery, wore his happiest smiles Wednesday morning. Cause: His wife had just presented him with a fine looking daughter. The little stranger has been christened Mary Woodcock. Grace, mercy and peace abide with this tiny bit of humanity.

—The watery particles in the atmosphere Wednesday morning were caught by the chill Northern currents, congealed and precipitated to the earth in the form of transparent crystals, causing vulgar people to look out at their windows, shrug their shoulders and say, "We are having the beautiful snow."

—Candidates for the Legislature are already being mentioned and chances canvassed. Mr. R. H. Tomlinson will probably be urged by his friends to shy his castor into the ring, and if he concludes to run will be a formidable candidate. He has been for several years Chairman of the County Democratic Committee, but has never held office.

—William Baker, convicted at the last term of Circuit Court for malicious wounding, and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, received a Christmas gift from the Court of Appeals, Saturday, in the shape of a reversal of his case. A fault in the instructions of the lower Court is the ground pointed out by the revisionary bench for its action. Denny & Tomlinson were Baker's attorneys.

—Messrs. J. A. & A. O. Burnside have made a satisfactory arrangement with their creditors, by which they will continue their business as usual. This will be good news to everybody, and especially to the laborers. Messrs. Burnside are active, enterprising, business men, do business on a large scale, and furnish employment all the year round to many persons. Our people hope to see them succeed.

—Positively the largest stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Musical Instruments of any house in Kentucky. I have the largest stock and can make you lower prices than any other house. For every \$1 worth of goods you buy from now till Jan. 1st, you get chance free in a \$200 Mandoline Musical Box with

16 inch cylinder. Remember the place J. C. Thompson's Jewelry House, opposite post-office, Lancaster, Ky.

—The fight for the Collectorship no longer waxes. The candidates will cool off during the holidays and "come again" with the dawning of the New Year. Success to the winner.

—It has long been the manifest purpose of the Kentucky Central R. R. to run its passenger trains on the Richmond branch, so as to avoid making connections. For a while its trains connected at the Richmond end; but by the new arrangement of last Sunday, which arrangement is facetiously termed a "schedule," connection is made nowhere. The management ought now to be very happy. The Kentucky Central, so far as the Richmond branch is concerned, is a snare and a delusion.

—Miss Nannie McNew, a charming young lady of Carlisle, is visiting Miss Bertie Collier, on Lexington Ave. Miss Eliza Reynolds left Wednesday for a two weeks visit in Bourbon county. William O. Wesley left for Burksville Wednesday to remain until after the holidays. Miss Ella Watson, the charming young assistant at the postoffice, is able to be at her post again after an illness of several days. J. C. Curry will clerk for J. C. Hemphill commencing with the new year.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[To the Editor of The Interior Journal.]
WASHINGTON, Dec. 16, 1884.—The question of interest in Washington now is the Spanish treaty submitted by Minister Foster. As has already been generally published, the terms of this treaty are such that its confirmation would reduce the tariff on tobacco 50 per cent, and on sugar in a similarly radical manner. While the Senate has not yet reached a discussion of the treaty, its merits have been pretty thoroughly debated by the Senators and members individually, and it is evident that it will encounter very strong opposition. The President, the Secretary of State and Minister Foster have presented their argument in its favor, but the business interests involved have replied with vigor. The House also is inclined to treat the matter coldly. The Democrats, as a party, are not disposed to let a republican administration deal thus peremptorily with tariff revision and a very strong element of the republicans object very decidedly to any such reciprocity. There are all strong protectionists, and it is generally understood that Mr. Blaine is inspiring the opposition on that score. Besides all this, there is a spirit of angry resentment on the part of many members of the House of Representatives at what they term an infringement of their prerogatives, claiming that the Executive is practically usurping the functions of the legislative power. So, altogether according to present indications, the prospects of the treaty, or for that matter of any of the treaties, are not particularly bright.

I understand that Messrs. Morrison, Mills, Blount and the Speaker have decided that there shall be no tariff bill reported from the Ways and Means Committee this session. Mr. Morrison wants to test the sentiments of the new members elected to the next House before urging the question again. He hopes then to pass a bill of his own creation instead of pressing Mr. Hewett's measures. It is said that the revenue reformers will have unquestionable control of the new House, and it is asserted by Morrison's friends that the republicans of Missouri and other States where the anti-protection sentiment is strong have pledged themselves to support a bill to reduce duties.

The announcement is made that Mr. Randall will soon start on a trip to the West and South. He will go as far South of Birmingham, Ala., and will visit among other cities Atlanta, Nashville and Louisville. His wife will accompany him, and he is booked for a number of speeches. There is no special occasion or event at any of the cities to take Mr. Randall there. It is given out that he merely takes advantage of the recess to meet his Southern friends who have repeatedly invited him to do so, but it may be that the astute Samuel is laying his wires for some Southern delegations in the convention in '88, or getting nearer the present time for the Speakership of the next Congress.

The statue of Dupont which is now in place will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 20th, inst. Senator Bayard will be the orator of the occasion. The statue is considered a very creditable work. It bears a very striking likeness to the officer commemorated, and makes a notable addition to the art treasures of the Capital. The figure is of heroic size, in bronze, and the subject is represented standing upon the deck of his vessel, with his head uncovered and raised, as if gazing at a vessel in the distance. In both hands he holds a binocular, which has just been lowered from his eyes, the action being followed by an intent gaze with the naked eye. The sculptor was Mr. Launt Thompson, of Philadelphia, and the cost of the statue was \$13,000, and of the pedestal and preparations, \$6,800.

Mr. Arthur has again taken up his abode at the White House. He has not occupied his cottage at the Soldiers' Home since his New York friends came on to Washington to consult him with reference to the Senate ship.

It seems that the absurd story going around about Dorsey having given \$100,000 to Bob Ingersoll as his fee in the Star Route Trial was made out of whole cloth. I asked an intimate friend of Dorsey about the matter and he told me that there was not a word of truth in it. The fact is that Dorsey never paid Ingersoll a cent for all the work he did for him. Colonel Ingersoll, by the way, has returned to Washington with a fresh stock of irrelevant talk. He has delivered about fifty lectures during the past two months, and his net profit from these talks are considerably over \$25,000.

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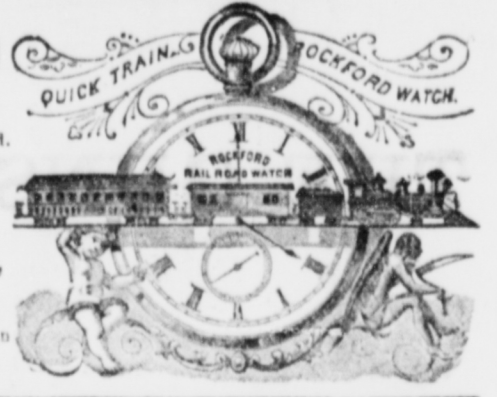
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--AND--

CHILDREN'S FINE KID AND GOAT

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"Rough on Rats" clears out rats and mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns" for Corns and Bunions. 15c.
Thin people, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, &c. \$1.
"Rough on Toothache" gives instant relief. 15c.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."
"Rough on Lice," great kidney and urinary cure. 15c.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.
"Rough on Coughs," troches, 15c; liquid, 25c.
For children, slow in development, puny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."
"Rough on Dentist's" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.
Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.
Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, worms, constipation, &c. 25c.
Stinging, Irritation, All Kidney and Urinary complaints cured by "Rough on Rats." \$1.
Night sweats, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."
My husband (writes a lady) is three times the man since using "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.
Prevalence of Kidney complaint in America; 100,000,000 a quick, complete cure. \$1.

JUST AS GOOD.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds equal in merit and in every respect just as good as the old reliable Dr. Ross's Cough and Lung Syrup, unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are liable to be greatly deceived. Prices, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by M'Roberts & Stagg.



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This name has become so familiar with the most of people throughout the United States that it is hardly necessary to state that he is the originator of the great Dr. Rosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the people's favorite remedy, wherever known, for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by M'Roberts & Stagg.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1884.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER 402

WAR TO THE KNIFE! KNIFE TO THE HOLLOW!

NOW THE GENERAL SLAUGHTER BEGINS!

THE GREAT CLOSING-OUT SALE AT

J. W. Hayden's Store,

STANFORD, KY.

Let the people read it in reeling italics. This is a bona-fide **CLOSING - OUT**, not a CLEARANCE SALE! Four Thousand Dollars sold in November; Ten Thousand MUST go in December. This is the week for the **Bloody Slaughter of Prices!** The biggest drives ever offered in Central Kentucky on First-Class Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods, etc. Special Bargains in Overcoats. Gents' tailor-made Suits, stylish Hats, Gloves, Kentucky Jeans, Rubber Boots, Sandals, Arctics, Coats and Gossamers; Ladies' Wool Shawls, Skirts, Cloaks, Hosiery, Underwear, Fine Dress Goods, Trimmings. A special slaughter in medium Dress Fabrics, Gingham, Flannels and Waterproofs. A fine display of Fancy Articles suitable for Christmas presents. The instructions to salesmen this week are: "Let 'em go! Sell 'em! Never mind the cost mark!" Now is the time and the Great Closing-Out Sale the place!

Having determined to quit the goods business on account of failing health, I have made up my mind to stand any sacrifice that is necessary to close out my stock at once **FOR CASH.**

J. W. HAYDEN.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF FINE CLOAKS!

BY

WELSH & WISEMAN, DANVILLE.

Owing to the unfavourable weather for the sale of Cloaks and having an unusual large stock on hand, the undersigned have determined to offer on Monday next, County Court day, and the week following the Entire Stock at **A GREAT SACRIFICE!** Ladies who have not yet bought their Winter wraps will find this a rare opportunity to do so. **WELSH & WISEMAN.**

INJURED MR. JARPHLY.—"You can't deceive me, Mr. Jarphly," said Mrs. Jarphly, snappishly and emphatically. "It was after one o'clock, and I was asleep." "Why, Amandy, you're badly mistaken," replied Mr. Jarphly, in a conciliatory voice. "It wasn't more than 11:30." "Now, Jarphly, don't you sit there and falsely to me! I'm no fool, if you think I am!" "Amandy, I never said you was; you know I didn't. I only say you're mistaken my dear, for it was only 11:30, or maybe 11:35."

"Jarphly, wot's the use of your sitting there an' lying? Don't you know I could see the clock?" "Well, Amandy, I've got nothing more to say, if you'd rather believe a ninety-five-cent nickel-plated nutmeg clock, than your own married husband," responded Mr. Jarphly, deeply injured. — [Pittsburg Chronicle.]

THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST to Colorado or New Mexico, for pure air to relieve Consumption, is all a mistake. Any reasonable man would use Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for Consumption in all its first stages. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pains in the Chest and all affections that are considered primary to Consumption. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

LOST HIS COLLAR BUTTON.—Husband "My dear have you seen anything of my collar button?" Wife. "Did you lose it?" Husband (sarcastically): "Did I lose it? If I hadn't lost it I wouldn't ask you if you had seen anything of it; would I?" Wife (nervously looking about): "Well, don't you know where you lost it?" Husband (jumping up and down with rage): "Don't I know where I lost it?" Oh! yes, certainly. A man would be a fool to lose a collar button and not know exactly where he lost it. I dropped it not five minutes ago up in the Northern part of British America. That's where I lost the collar button, madam."

The reason women, as a class, don't smoke is because they can't keep their mouths shut long enough to prevent a cigar from going out. — [Lowell Citizen.]

CURE FOR PILES. Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching and affecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

CONSUMPTIVES.—Gmeiner has employed petroleum with excellent results in consumption. In one case where iodine, quinine, chloride of ammonium and antimony did not give the patient the slightest relief, crude petroleum in its natural state caused perceptible improvement. Half a teaspoonful was given three times a day in sherry wine. In four days the pulse, that had been 120 per minute, became normal and in less than a month the cure was complete. It is best given in capsules as the order is more repulsive than the taste.

Strange, isn't it, that all the real, unreasonable bulldozers of the South turn republicans? There was no ex-rebel more narrow and unfair than Mahone. There was never a bloodier minded democrat (up to the time the democrats in Congress refused to seat him, without regard to the results of the ballot) than the gentleman whom the republicans once denounced as "Fort Pillow Chalmers." — [Nash. World]

An Illinois lady is said to have collected a string of buttons 24 feet long. This accounts for so many men in the State with their suspenders attached to their pants with a shingle nail. — [Elizabethtown News]

McROBERTS & STAGG, the Druggists, who are always looking after the interest of their customers, have now secured the sale of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Colds, Pains in the Chest, and all Lung Affections. For proof Coughs, try a free sample bottle. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

At Winona, Ole Thorsdale went out to milk the cow, but before he had begun his task concluded to hang himself. Some people may think it's fun to milk a cow, but after a little experience they will come to the conclusion that Thorsdale was about right.

Easy to See Through. How can a watch—no matter how costly—be expected to go when the mainspring won't operate how can any one be well when his stomach, liver or kidneys are out of order? Of course you say, "He can not." Yet thousands of people drag along miserably in that condition; not sick, but not able to work with comfort and energy. How foolish, when a bottle or two of Parker's Tonic would set them all right. Try it, and get back your health and spirits.

Positive Cure for Piles. To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers. We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

G. R. Waters

D. H. Baldwin & Co., Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., dealers in Steinway & Sons', Decker Bros', Haines', J. & C. Fischer, Vose & Sons', Baldwin & Co.'s Cottage, Upright and Square Piano Fortes; also the Estey, Shoninger and Hamilton Organs. Instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders till you get our prices and terms. Post-office, Danville, Ky.

OPERA HOUSE,—STANFORD, KY.—**W. P. WALTON, - Proprietor.**

Size of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions. Address

PATENTS,

Causes, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to. Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge. **Free moderate,** and I make **no charge unless patent is secured.** Information, advice and special references sent on application. Near U. S. Patent Office. Washington, D. C.

MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex. They have won the favor of the public and now raise among the leading Medical classes of the nation. **A. L. SMITH,** Headed, Pa. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00.

W. F. McLARY

Is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the democracy.

JOHN H. MILLER

Is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the democracy.

Saw Mill For Sale!

Having determined to change my business, I offer for sale (privately) my Saw Mill, situated on Brush Creek, in Casey county, Ky. The Engine is stationary. Boiler 40x24; Engine 10x20; Counter Shaft 20 feet. Edging Saw and Grist Mill attached. The property is well-known and

In Good Running Order.

Timber plenty and accessible. I would be willing to exchange for good farm stock, such as Horses, Horses, Cattle, &c. Persons wishing to engage in the lumber business will find a good opening by applying to **HUGH LOGAN,** Hustonville, Ky.

A Grand Combination

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—And the Louisville—

Weekly Courier-Journal

One year for only \$3—two papers for little more than the price of one.

By paying us \$3 you will receive for one year your home paper with the Courier-Journal, the representative newspaper of the South, democratic and for a tariff for revenue only, and the best, brightest and ablest family weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this office.

THE COQUETTE.

[Old City Herald.]
Will I marry you? Yes, I will—
But only say it to keep you still.
You tease, and worry and bother me so,
That it's quite impossible to say no.
When will I marry you? I can't tell;
If you get me at all you'll be doing well.
Just now I'm too fond of my gay, merry life
To become a quiet, stay-at-home wife.
Am I perfectly heartless? Yes;
I lost it once. Where? You couldn't guess!
When? One beautiful summer night
When the moon and the stars were wond-
rous bright.
Do I know who has it now? Yes, I do;
Bend down your head and I'll whisper who.
There; that will do. Will you let me go?
I would not have told you had I known you'd
act so.
Give you one kiss? Well, I rather think not!
Very poor manners, sir, you've been taught!
You'll take one then? Well, you're stronger
than I.
And I'm much too wise to resist you. Why?
Oh, because my hair would be sure to come
down.
And I don't want to rumple my very best
gown.
Beside, it's so dark in this gloomy shade—
So weird and uncanny that I'm half afraid
Of the elfish whispers that creep around,
And the shadowy gleams on the moonlit
ground.
And—the night looms half of its vague alarms
When I feel the clasp of your sheltering
arms!
Would I care if aught should happen to you?
Why, yes! I wouldn't know what to do!
I'm a terrible coward, I'd die of fright,
Out here alone in the ghostly night.
Would I care a little if you should die?
Here the diamond stars go out of the sky!
Would I grieve o'er the unkind words I have
said?
If I saw you lying there cold and dead,
Oh, yes! you know that my heart would
break.
And I pray the blessed angels to take
Me first! For without you life would be
dreary and bitter indeed.
Then I am yours until death do us part?
I must give you my hand since I've stolen
your heart!
Indeed! Oh, well, it shall be as you say;
I'm too tired to argue; have your own way.

CITY AND COUNTRY BOYS.

Mr. Quad's "Short Talk" to the Ambitious
Farmer Lad.
(Detroit Free Press.)

As to the difference between city and country
boys it lies entirely in the training. The
farmer's son may have the most intelligence
as a child, but natural intelligence must be
trained and cultivated or it becomes low cunning
instead of wisdom. The country boy
has a district school, run in almost any fashion,
while the city boy has graded schools
conducted on the wisest system. So long as
he is kept in the country the farmer's boy
has no show at all compared to his friend in
town in the matter of education.

We look to a man's personal deportment
before we test his intellectual abilities. The
farmer's son has no associates outside of his
own class. The semi-solitary life of the farm
has few refining influences. The work must
be done whether or no, and farm-workers
cannot expect time to cultivate song and
music. He is not brought into contact at
church socials, parties, lodges, lyceums, etc.,
while the refined and educated city boy
in his ways and he remains thus. While the
social condition of the American farmer is
immeasurably superior to that of any similar
class in any country on earth, it is not what
it could be made nor what it will be fifty
years hence.

And now, my boy, let me say to you that
no matter what you live in or what
avocation you intend to pursue, you have ad-
vantages which you may not fully com-
prehend. There are no social barriers to keep
you down. An honest, truthful, respectable
boy or man can step right to the front with-
out capital. His merits are recognized and
rewarded. You have advantages over the boy
of twenty, ten, or even five years ago. Every
progressive step in the country's history helps
the boy as well as the man.

Twenty years ago the money of the country
was handled by men whose gray hairs were
supposed to be proofs of honesty, and the
business was in the hands of men past 40.
To-day the country is giving the boys golden
chances. They are put at the day-books and
ledgers, at the cash desks in banks and post-
offices, in positions of trust and responsibility
everywhere, and the active business is in the
hands of men between 25 and 40. But to the
boys who are taking an active part in
business to-day the wheels would move
slowly. You have the advantages and op-
portunities; if you miss them it is your own
fault.

A Smart Stakeholder.

[Cor. Philadelphia Times.]
There are a number of "sports" in Balti-
more who are at present in a very unhappy
frame of mind. They made divers bets on
the result of the election and put the
money, amounting to nearly \$9,000 in the
hand of a saloonkeeper on Baltimore street
to hold. Just here the trouble comes in, for
it seems that the saloonkeeper aforesaid still
"holds" it, or at least the "sports" cannot get
their hands on it. Some of them called on
him a few days ago for their wagers on sepa-
rate states and were dumfounded when told
by him that he had bet the money put in his
hands and lost it.

The men who are out of pocket have no re-
dres, as there is no law in law by which
they can reach the saloonkeeper, but some
of them are swearing vengeance, and say
that they will "take it out of his hide." The
betta say that he employed one or two well-
known men about town to go around and
make bets, he furnishing the money, the
sum total of the wagers always to be placed
in his hands to hold until the result was
known. In this way he would use the same
money over and over again, his agents al-
ways being ready and willing to bet any
way that the other party might wish, know-
ing that it was a sure thing, however the
election might go.

True Courage.

[Southern Bivouac.]
In all ages, courage on the battle-field has
been the theme of orators and poets, yet the
courage of the warrior is not only a common
and variable quality, but has often been sur-
passed by that displayed by women. Native
valor, too, is sometimes inferior to that which
is acquired. Frederick the Great ran like a
coward out of his first battle. Flying on the
wings of fear, he went a great distance from
the field, and, coming to one of his own
strongholds, reported that his army was de-
stroyed. What was his surprise and mortifi-
cation to learn that his men had gained a
great victory. He never forgot the lesson
taught, and ever afterward was conspicuous
for steady courage in action.

Many instances might be given of soldiers
in the last war who, in their first fight, were
"dilly-divered," but who afterward faced with
dauntless front the gleaming steel; and on
the other hand, of some who were lion-
hearted till taught by the pain of a wound
the perils of a battle, and who then became
notable cowards. Bravery in action, though
more admired, is really not as great as that
displayed in passive suffering. The woman
who sticks to her post in the pestilential
chamber far braver than Alexander
charging at the head of his cavalry.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

NEW FACTS ABOUT LITTLE PHIL'S
FAMOUS EXPLOIT.

Interesting Incidents Noted on the Spot
by a Busy Man About Camp—How
Sheridan "Got the Bulge
on Them."

[John Danby in Philadelphia Times.]

I have seen a painting representing the
general coming on the scene on that occasion
riding his big black horse (which was given
to him by some Michigan friends), and, by
the way, I have heard the cavalrymen curse
that horse in vigorous terms. He was the
fastest walker in the army, and when the
general was riding at the head of the column
on the march the rest of the command would
be kept on a little jog-trot about half of the
time, and any cavalryman knows how trying
that is, especially for the non-combatants,
such as cooks, camp carriers, etc., who were
loaded down with camp and garrison equip-
age. I could always tell at night when I
heard our cavalry marching near me if the
general was in the lead by the jingle of tin
and iron rattles as they closed up in the rear.
Well, this painting that I mention shows the
general with sword in hand, a broad-
brimmed stiff regulation hat, with waving
plume on his head and looking very much
excited, as, of course, he had a right to be
under the circumstances.

But the artist drew very largely on his
imagination. It would be hard to exagger-
ate the beauty and majesty of the horse, for
he was the beau ideal of a war horse—big,
black, vigorous, champing his bit, nostrils
red and dilating, his long tail swinging to
and fro like a banner—it would be hard to
picture anything more striking or grand
than the big black on that occasion. But as
to the general, excepting that his eyes were
blazing and fierce, there was not much signs
of excitement shown by him.

He wore some of the regulation uniform,
but not much. On his head was a little
round cap, such as German students wear.
In his right hand he held a small riding
whip, which, judging by the welts on his
horse's flanks, had been industriously used.
He was splashed with mud and had a big
daub under one eye, which gave him a sort
of "been-to-a-wake look." If he had any
gauntlets they were in his pockets. As he
rode on the hill beyond Middletown he was
met by one of Gen. Torbert's aids, who was
mounted on a big gray horse nearly as large
as Sheridan.

The officer jumped the stone wall and
joined the general just as he came in sight of
the field, and rode side by side towards a
group near the woods on the right of the
pike in the rear of the Sixth corps, where
Gen. Wright, Emory and Torbert and their
staffs were gathered.

I asked the aid afterward what the general
said when he joined him. He replied:
"Well, the general's first words were, 'It was
just such a d—d mess out west as this that
gave me no right to star in the regular
army, and I'm going to make it a double
star this time.' He then asked, 'Where is
Wright?' and soon after joined the other
generals. I had been riding along behind as
fast as my little mare could jump, when the
general looked back and said: 'Scout, hunt
up the ammunition wagons and order them
up.' Back in the rear on the valley pike the
general's staff were making their way up as
fast as they could. I transferred my orders
to one of the aids, for I knew the demoralized
teamsters would not pay much attention to
a man in a blouse, and then turned and rode
back after the general.

When I reached the group on the hill I saw
Gen. Wright sitting on the ground, the tip
of his chin had been cut away by a bullet
early in the morning, and he was otherwise
battered probably, as he seemed to be dazed
and not have his wits about him for the
time. Gen. Emory, "Old Bull of the Woods,"
as some of his wild young cavalry staff
called him, commander of the Nineteenth
corps, stood by with his hands crossed behind
his back, looking down at Gen. Wright.
Gen. Torbert leaned on his horse and pulled
his mustache, and Gen. Sheridan was quietly
asking questions from all of them. In a few
moments he knew all they could tell him,
and pulling a dispatch book from his pocket
began by writing something which he put in a
little dispatch envelope and addressed, and
then looking up his eye fell on me and
blazed up in a moment. He said, "What in
the d—d are you doing here? I thought I
sent you after the ammunition wagons!" I
explained matters to him. He gave me a
sharp look and said: "You've got a healthy
color to your face, and your staff officers about
this dispatch to Winchester as quick as you
can," and then away he rode down the line.
Presently one of the staff came galloping
after me before I had gotten more than a
mile beyond Middletown, and took the dis-
patch and told me to go back, and said he
was to go to Winchester and order up all the
stragglers, and would attend to the dispatch
himself.

So back again I went and rode about all
the rest of that busy day, getting what in-
formation I could and carrying orders for
any one who wanted me. I gave the news-
paper correspondents considerable infor-
mation, which they worked up to suit them-
selves. The best account of the fight was
written by the correspondent of The World.
Near the close of the fight I was near Gen.
Torbert, on the left, when Gen. Sheridan
came flying across the pike, jumping the high
stone walls on each side. He said, in his
earnest, quick way: "Torbert, I took the old
Sixth corps in and drove them from the
woods and over the hill and away from the
stone walls, and I have got the bulge on them;
and now, Torbert, I want your cavalry to do
your best, and when I go back I am
going in with everything, and if you and
Merritt and Custer do your work well we
will have them on the run in half an hour,"
and history shows that they did their work
well. Considering the fact that the
Eighth corps was not engaged during the day,
and that full one-third of the rest of the com-
mand, except the cavalry, were skedaddled,
and that about half of the artillery were
captured early in the morning, it was an
even fight, and Gen. Sheridan won it by good
hard knocks and bull-dog fighting. Gen.
Wright, Torbert and Emory would undoubt-
edly have made a good fight of it if Gen.
Sheridan had not come up from Winchester,
but it took Sheridan to get the "bulge on
them."

Holding the Stakes.

[Boston Globe.]
"Saltri!" he asserted vacantly, as the po-
liceman gathered together his coat collar and
rushing him in. "Saltri!" I know 'drunk-bu-
a' port'ly jus' fable. 'Saltri,' I say. 'S two
fellers—fr'en's mine—'bettin' on 'lecshun—on
erresult—bettin' erdrinks yer know—'n I'm
soidin' erstake. I'm drunk'r'nalor I know
—bu' port'ly jus' fable."

As Good Luck Would Have It.

[French Paper.]
There are some people in this town, you see,
that cannot refrain from the most odious
practical jokes. For instance, the other night
I came home from the theatre, altogether
unsuspicious of any treachery, and, lo! and
behold, when I go to open the door I find
that some dude and mugwump has gone and
sheared the handle all over with pitch.
Luckily I didn't have my gloves on!

A BATTLE OF GIANTS.

They Wanted the "Fellow Who Wrote
That Article."
[Western Letter.]

About twenty-five years ago, when a cer-
tain western state was a territory, and with
few inhabitants, a young lawyer from New
York emigrated thither and settled in the
town of L—. He had been there nearly
two years when he was induced to print a
weekly newspaper, of which he was the editor.
Squire S. was a very little man, but
he used the editorial "we" as frequently as
if there were a dozen of him, and each as big
as a giant.

Strange to say, there were at that time
men in office who were not a particle more
honest than they should be; a thing which
probably never happened before, and never
will again. Squire S. felt all the patriotism
of a son of '76, and poured out grape and
canister against public abuses. This soon
stirred a hornet's nest about his ears; but as
there was no other paper in the territory
there was no reply for a time.

At length he published an article more se-
vere against malfeasance in office than any
that had preceded it. In fact, though it
pointed at no individual in particular, it was
a "scorching."

Some three or four days afterward he was
sitting alone in his editorial office, which was
about a quarter of a mile from the printing
establishment. His pen was busy with a
paragraph, when his door opened, and in
stepped a man about six feet in his stockings.
He asked: "Are you S., the proprietor of
this paper?" Thinking he had found a new
patron, the little man, with one of his bland-
est smiles, answered in the affirmative. The
stranger deliberately drew the last number
of the paper from his pocket, and pointing to
the article against rogues in office, told the
affrighted editor that it was intended for
"him."

It was in vain that S. protested that he
had never heard of him before. The wrath
of the visitor rose to a fever heat, and from
being so long restrained he boiled over with
double fury. He gave the editor his choice,
either to publish a very humble recantation
or take a flogging on the spot. Either al-
ternative was wormwood, but what could
he do? The enraged office-holder was twice
his size, and at one blow would qualify him
for an obituary notice. He agreed to re-
tract; and as the visitor insisted upon writ-
ing the retraction he himself sat down to
the task. Squire S. made an excuse to wait
to the printing office, with a promise he
would be back in season to sign it as soon as
it was finished.

S. had hardly gone fifty yards when he
encountered a man who inquired where
Squire S.'s office was and if he was at
home. Suspecting that he too was on the
same errand as the other visitor, he pointed
to the office and told him he would find the
editor within, writing a most abusive article
against office-holders. This was enough.
The eyes of the new-comer flashed fire, he
rushed into the office and assaulted the
stranger with the epithets, "liar, scoundrel,
coward," and told him he would teach him
how to write.

The gentleman, supposing it was some
body sent there by the editor, sprang to his
feet, and a fight ensued. The table was up-
set and smashed into shreds, the contents
of a large jug of ink stood in puddles on the
floor, the chairs had their legs and backs
broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure
them. This seemed only to inspire the com-
batants with still greater fury. Blow fol-
lowed blow with the rapidity of lightning.
First one was kicking on the floor, then the
other, each taking it in turn pretty equally.
The ink on the floor found its way to the
faces, till both of them cut the most horri-
fying figure imaginable.

The noise and uproar were tremendous.
The neighbors ran to the door and exclaimed
with astonishment that two niggers were
fighting in Squire S.'s office. None dared
separate them. At length, completely ex-
hausted, they ceased fighting. The circum-
stances of the case became known, and the
next day, hardly able to sit on horseback,
their heads bound up, they started home-
ward, carrying with them the most striking
evidence of their attempt to redeem their
honor.

Miss Morosini.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]
How absurdly the descriptions of Miss
Morosini were exaggerated in the news-
papers. Instead of the beautiful creature I ex-
pected to see, when she sang at Steinway
hall, I found a stumpy sort of a woman with
a face that might have belonged to a
housemaid or a cook and with awkward
and uncomfortable manners. I have come to
the conclusion that Schelling is not to be so
much envied after all. Miss Morosini pos-
sesses about as much pretensions to beauty as
an average shoe factory girl, and she sings
in the high and somewhat nasal soprano pre-
valent in boarding-house back parlors. He
seems to feel rather discouraged, as it is,
though his wife is in a fair way to make
money. The talk about her singing in grand
opera, or even opera of any sort, is the wild-
est sort of nonsense. If people want to go and
see Miss Victoria Morosini Schelling Huls-
kamp simply because she has become notorious
as a banker's daughter who married a
coachman, they are at liberty to do so, of
course, if they are willing to pay \$1.50 for
the sight. It would be perhaps just as well
not to rave about the beauty and genius of a
woman who is not attractive in the slightest
degree, nor endowed with more than the most
ordinary of musical accomplishments.

An Embarrassed Inventor.

[Boston Herald.]
Among the regular passengers on a certain
Boston railroad is a somewhat celebrated
chemist, who has lately compounded a mix-
ture for the cure of cholera. The other
evening he was in conversation with the con-
ductor regarding his discovery, and being
much interested in it, he was telling of his
diagonal properties, he raised his voice so as
to attract the attention of all the passengers
in the car. "Why," said he, "my medicine will
knock the cholera higher than a burnt boot.
I wish it would come here, and I would show
you how quick I would conquer it and make
my fortune besides." "What's the matter
with your going out there where it is and
wrestling with it?" blantly suggested the
conductor. "Why, I might catch it my-
self," innocently replied the would-be
chemist, exclaiming, and the roars of
laughter that filled the cars at that moment
so confused the worthy inventor as to cause
his sudden retirement to the smoking car.

Josh Billings.

[Joe Howard in Boston Herald.]
I don't know whether you like Josh Bil-
lings in Boston. I like him. I doubt if
there can be found in all the realm of ec-
centricity an individuality more absolute, an
odds more original, an author who has
given vent to more common sense, clothed
in taking and interesting garb than this
same Josh Billings. If he were to stand
ere he is about six feet six inches tall, well
proportioned, and very fine looking. He
has a very heavy, large head, thick black
hair, which falls upon his stooping shoul-
ders. He carries his head well forward, and
carries his back so that the ordinary camel
would grow green with envy.

[The Judge.]
Eddie Eugene—Pa, do you love me as
much as Mr. Jones loves his little boy?
Pa—Certainly, I do.
Eddie Eugene—Well, he bought his little
boy a horse.

MACHINERY AND LABOR.

Has Machinery Displaced Human Labor?
Temporary Disturbances.
[New York Tribune.]

In every civilized land, at this time, there
is complaint that times are hard. Every-
where the cause is said by many to be over-
production. But how can it be a cause to
marking to have the objects of human
desire supplied in greater abundance and
more cheaply? If there is overproduction all
over the world, as some reason, that means
merely that the supply of things useful for
human happiness is greater all over the
world than the present demand. In reply to
this natural suggestion, we are told that a
vast amount of labor has been displaced by
machinery, that a general disturbance of the
labor market has been caused, and that a
great number of persons have been thrown
out of employment. The very change which
some call a blessing brings ruin to many
producers, and forces many employers to cut
down wages, and curtails the ability of
workers to consume products of other in-
dustries. Thus we are taught to believe that
the progress of science and invention is a
progress toward human misery.

Is it true, then, that machinery has dis-
placed human labor? A century ago rela-
tively fewer persons were employed in any
other avocation than in tilling the soil than
are now so employed. Machinery has cre-
ated a new world; it has cheapened almost
everything that man desires. It has brought
within the reach of the humblest not only a
vast number of products wholly unknown a
century ago, but luxuries and comforts
which a century ago even the richest could
not afford to commonly enjoy. Meanwhile
has it displaced labor? On the contrary, it
has made work for a vast population outside
of the rural arts which were formerly pur-
sued. Has it displaced the shoemaker? No;
more persons than ever before are making
shoes, because more shoes are made and used,
cheapness permitting multitudes to wear
them who formerly could not. So there are
more sewing-girls, in spite of sewing-ma-
chines.

There are more farm-workers, in spite of
all the rural machines. There are more
cotton and woolen and silk weavers in
spite of their numerous improvements
which seem to do with steam and iron the
work of human hands better than human
hands could do it. And to crown all, the
wages in all branches of labor have risen.
In every occupation, from the rudest to the
most skilled, from farm labor to the most
delicate manipulation of tools and ma-
chinery, labor is better paid in money than
it was before the age of invention. And,
moreover, each dollar of the money re-
ceived will buy far more food than a dollar
would have bought a century ago, far more
clothing, and more things for the supply of
all human wants.

Thus it is simply blundering to say that
machinery does, or can, in the long run, sup-
plant or displace human labor. On the
contrary, the use of machinery is limited
only by the human labor that can be brought
to employ it. Every labor-saving invention
enables one human want to be more cheaply
supplied, so that a part of the human labor
expended in satisfying it can be turned to
the supply of other wants. The overproduc-
tion theory, except as limited to a very nar-
row field, and within a narrow compass of
time, is altogether without foundation. The
human race as a whole does not suffer be-
cause its powers of production are increased,
or because its wants can be more easily and
cheaply supplied, or because things needed
for human comfort and use are more abun-
dantly produced. Temporarily, and within
one particular market, production may at
times so far outrun the demand that a dis-
turbance results. But this is not the phe-
nomenon which we are now witnessing.

Imagine Senator Beck's Feelings!

[National Republican.]
Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and Repre-
sentative Wilkins, of Ohio, were talking re-
cently, when the Kentuckian espied the
picture of a horse hanging on the wall.
"There," he exclaimed with rapture, "is a
picture of Lexington, the grandest horse
ever stood on four feet." "Yes," said Mr.
Wilkins, "he was certainly a very remark-
able horse." "Was he a trotter or a runner?"
A look of ineffable scorn passed over Sena-
tor Beck's broad, expressive countenance.
"Was he a trotter or a runner?" he repeated,
astonishment, pity and profound disgust be-
ing blended in the tones of his voice. "Was
he a runner or a trotter? Well, well, well, I
do declare. I never heard of such astounding
ignorance before in the whole course of
my life, excepting on one occasion,
and that was thirty years ago, and
I, fellow senator was the rightful
example. I proposed had won the English
Derby, and we Kentuckians naturally felt
proud of the success of the American racer
abroad, and waited with breathless anxiety
for news from France that would tell us of
the victory or defeat of the Kentucky-bred
foal, who was entered for the grand prize
of Paris. The day of the race I opened up
my newspaper and looked for the Paris date
line the first thing I was overjoyed to find
that Foxhall had indeed won, and sent a
page for Senator Allison. When he came
over to my desk I pointed to the Paris tele-
gram and asked him to read that." He read
the paragraph and calmly expressed his great
gratification over the victory. After he had
run on a while he paralyzed me by the in-
quiry: "Was it a trotting or a running
race that Foxhall won?"
"Imagine my feelings. Words could not
express them. I fell back in my chair
speechless, and didn't speak to the senator
from Iowa for two weeks. Brother Wilkins,
I would like to see you in Kentucky, but as
a friend I must advise you to read up on
Lexington before you cross the Ohio. If the
Kentuckians should suspect you of not know-
ing whether Lexington was a trotter or a
racer it might go hard with you."

Ellen Terry's Dog.

[Boston Courier Interview.]
"Such a funny thing happened when we
were coming to Boston from Buffalo. The
train stopped at a station—I have forgotten
the name of it—and Fossie jumped off. The
bell rang, and off we started. When the
depot was a mere speck in the distance I sud-
denly missed Fossie. The customer had a big
bald spot on the back of his head. The
faintest furze was barely visible on the pol-
ished scalp. In brushing the remnant of
hair the barber included the denuded sur-
face, carefully extending an imaginary part-
ing directly through it, and then using the
brush in a way that would have arranged
the hirsute covering if there had been any.
"What on earth made you do that?" I sub-
sequently asked him.
"Because I would have offended him by
recognizing his baldness," was the reply, "and
by ignoring it I tickled him mightily."

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Very Pretty & Comprehen- sive Stock

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Christmas Goods.

—CONSISTING OF—

Toys, Fireworks, Candies, Nuts, Fruits, Cakes.

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ENGINES, WAGONS, CARTS, SLEDS, WHEELBARROWS, GUNS,
PISTOLS, SWORDS, STOVES, KITCHEN SETS, MUGS,
WATCHES, CORNETS, DRUMS, PIANOS,
DOLLS, FALSE FACES, PIC-
TURE BOOKS,

And lots of pretty things that can not be given in this space.

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SKY ROCKETS, ROMAN CANDLES, TORPEDOES, LARGE AND
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It can truthfully be said that his Candies are the purest, finest and prettiest.
They embrace

DELICIOUS CREAMS, FRUIT, CARAMELS, CHOCOLATE, MARSH
MALLOWS, TAFFY, TOY HEARTS, FRUITS AND ANI-
MALS, PLAIN AND FRENCH MIXED, AND
THE BEST STICK.

—In Fruits there are—

ORANGES, LEMONS, BANANAS, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES, CO-
COANUTS AND APPLES.

—Under the head of Nuts come—

ALMONDS, BRAZILS, FILBERTS, PECANS, ENGLISH WAL-
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—In the way of Cakes can be had—

LEMON WAFERS, FROSTED HONEY, TEA & ICED TEA, FANCY
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—Below is a list of Fancy Groceries now in stock and fresh—

CITRON, PRUNES, CURRANTS, SEEDLESS RAISINS, MINCE
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HONEY, CRACKERS, DRIED PEACHES
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AND CANNED GOODS IN
GREAT VARIETY.

Of course you will not buy your Christmas Trix without seeing the fine
display at

T. R. WALTON'S,

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DARK DAYS

"I may mention," she added, for the first time taking any real part in the talk, "that your sister's estate is not quite all it should be. For the last day or two I have been thinking of sending for the medical man who attended her during her unfortunate confinement. He has not seen her for quite a week. I mentioned it to her this afternoon, but she appears to have taken an unaccountable dislike to him, and utterly refused to see him. I do not wish to alarm you—I merely mention this, no doubt you, her brother, will see to it."

The peculiar stress she laid upon the word "brother" told me that I was right in thinking the woman was acting, and that not for one moment did my assumed fraternity deceive her. This was of no consequence. "I am myself a doctor. Her health will be my care," I said. Then I arose.

"You are related to Sir Mervyn Ferrand, I believe, Mrs. Wilson?" I asked.

She gave me a quick look which might mean anything.

"We are connections," she said, carelessly.

"You must have been surprised at his sending his wife away at such a time?"

"I am not in the habit of feeling surprised at Sir Mervyn's actions. He wrote to me and told me that, knowing my circumstances were straitened, he had recommended a lady to come and live with me for a few months. When I found this lady was his wife, I own I was, for once, surprised."

From the emphasis which she laid on certain words I knew it was but the fact of Philip's being married to the scoundrel that surprised her, nothing else. I could see that Mrs. Wilson knew Sir Mervyn Ferrand thoroughly, and something told me that her relations with him were of a nature which might not bear investigation.

I bade her good-night, and walked back to my cottage with a heart in which sorrow, pity, love, hatred, exultation, and, it may be, hope, were strangely and inextricably mingled.

CHAPTER III. "THE WAGES OF SIN."



"Go on, go on! Will you see the wages of sin?"

Morning! No books, no idle, listless hours for me to-day. Plenty to do, plenty to think about, all sorts of arrangements to make. Farewell to my moody, sultry life. Farewell to my aimless, selfish existence. Henceforward I should have something worth living for—worth dying for, if needs be! Philip was coming to me to-day; coming in grief, it was true; coming as a sister comes to a brother. Ah! after all the weary, weary waiting, I shall see her to-day—to-morrow, every day! If a man's devotion, homage, worship and respect can in her own eyes reinstate my queen, I shall some day see the bloom come back to her cheek, the bright smile play once more round her mouth, the dark eyes again eloquent with happy thoughts. And then—and then! what should I care for the world or its sneers! To whom, save myself, should I be answerable? Then I might whisper in her ear: "Sweet, let the past vanish from our lives as a dream. Let happiness date from to-day."

Although Philip would grace my poor cottage for one night only, I had a thousand preparations to make for her comfort. Fortunately I had a spare room, and, moreover, a furnished one. Not that I should have troubled, when I went into my seclusion, about such a superfluity as a guest-chamber; but as it happened I had bought the house and furniture complete, so could offer my welcome guest fair accommodation for the night.

I summoned my solid man. I told him that my sister was coming on a visit to me, that she would sleep here to-night, but that most likely we should go away to-morrow. He could stay and look after the house until I returned or sent him instructions what to do with it. William manifested no surprise. Had I told him to make preparations for the coming of my wife and five children he would have considered it all a part of the day's work, and would have done his best to meet my requirements.

He set to work in his inimitable, methodical, but hardly way to get Philip's room in trim. As soon as this was done, and the neglected chamber made cosy and warm-looking, I told him to borrow a horse and cart somewhere, and fetch the luggage from Mrs. Wilson's. He was to mention no names; simply to say that he had come for the luggage, and to ask if the lady had any message to send.

Then I sat down in the room which my love would occupy and mused upon the strange but unhappy chance which was bringing her beneath my roof. I wished that I had an enchanter's wand to turn the humble garniture of the chamber into surroundings meet for my queenly Philip.

I wished that I had, at least, flowers with which I could deck her resting place; for I remembered how passionately she loved flowers. Alas! I had not seen a flower for months.

Then I drew out Sir Mervyn Ferrand's letter, read it again and again, and cursed the writer in my heart.

William was away about two hours; then he made his appearance with some boxes. I was delighted to see these tangible signs that Philip was near. I kept her promise. Till that moment I had been troubled by something like the doubt that after all she might, upon calm reflection, rescind the resolution formed in her excitement. Now her coming seemed to a certainty.

Nevertheless, William brought no message; so there was nothing for me to do but wait patiently until she chose to cross my threshold.

Through my pining labors of love were ended, I was not left idle. There was another task to be done to-day. I set my teeth and sat down, thinking quietly as to the way in which it might be best performed. To-night I meant to stand face to face with that black-hearted scoundrel known as Sir Mervyn Ferrand!

I consulted the time table. His letter named no particular hour; but I saw that if he carried out his expressed intention of being here to-night, there was but one train by which he could come; there was but one way from Roding to the house at which Philip had been staying. He meant to

walk, his letter said; this might be in order to escape observation. The train was due at Roding at 7 o'clock. The weather was cold; a man would naturally walk fast. Mrs. Wilson's house must be four miles from the station. Let me start from there just before the train arrives, and I should probably meet him about half way on his journey. It would be dark, but I should know him. I should know him among a thousand. There on the open lonely road Sir Mervyn Ferrand, coming gayly, and in his worldly cynicism certain of cajoling, buying off, or in some other way silencing the woman who had in an evil day trusted to his honor and love, would meet me, not but the man who from the first had sworn that a wrong to Philip should be more than a wrong to himself! He would meet this man and be called to account.

Stern and sinister as were my thoughts—freely and unreservedly as I record them, as indeed I endeavor in this tale to record everything—I do not wish to be misjudged. It is true that in my present mood I was bent upon avenging Philip with my own hand; true that I meant, if possible, to take at some time or another this man's life; but at least no thought of taking any advantage of an unarmed or unsuspecting man entered into my scheme of vengeance. I designed no murderous attack. But it was my intention to stop the man on his path; to confront him and tell him that his villainy was known to me; that Philip had died to me for aid; that she was now in my custody; and that I, who stood in the position of her brother, demanded the so-called satisfaction which, by the old-fashioned code of honor, was due from the man who had ruthlessly betrayed a woman. Well I knew that it was probable he would laugh at me—tell me that the days of duelling were over, and refuse to grant my request. Then I meant to see if insults could warm his noble blood; if my hand on his cheek could bring about the result which I desired. If this failed I would follow him abroad, cane him and spit upon him in public places.

A wild scheme for these prosaic, law-abiding days; yet the only one that was feasible. It may be said that I should have taken steps to have caused the recreant to be arrested for bigamy. But what proof of his crime had we as yet, save his own, unsigned confession? Who was to move in the matter—Philip—myself? We did not even know where this wife of whom he had spoken lived, or where she died. There were a hundred ways in which he might escape from justice, but whether he was punished for his sin, or allowed to go scot-free, Philip's name and wrongs must be bruited about, her shame made public. No; there was but one course to take, and but one person to take it. It rested with me to avenge the wrongs of the woman I loved by the good old-fashioned way of a life against a life.

Truly, as I said, I had now plenty to live for!

The hours went by, yet Philip came not. I grew restless and uneasy as the dusk began to make the road, up which I gazed almost continually, dim and indistinct. When the short winter's day was over, and the long dark night had fairly begun, my restlessness turned into fear. I walked out of my house and paced my garden to and fro. I blamed myself for having yielded so lightly to Philip's wish—her command, rather—that I should on no account fetch her. But then, whenever did I resist a wish, much less a command, of hers? Oh, that I had been firm this once!

The snowstorm of the previous evening had not lasted long—not long enough to thoroughly whiten the world. The day had been fine and frosty, but I knew that the wind had changed since the sun went down. It was warmer, a change which I felt sure presaged a heavy downfall of snow or rain. There was a moon: a fitful moon; for clouds were flying across it, dark clouds, which I guessed would soon gather coherence and volume, and veil entirely that bright face, which now only showed itself at irregular intervals.

The minutes were passing away. I grew nervous and excited. Why does she not come! My hope had been to see my poor girl safely home before I started to execute my other task. Why does she not come! Time, precious time, is slipping by! In the hope of meeting her, I walked for some distance up the road. "Why does she delay?" I groaned. Even now I should be on my way to Roding, or I may miss my prey. Heaven! can it be that she is waiting to see this man once more! Never! never! Perish the thought!

But, all the same, every fibre in my body quivered at the bare supposition of such a thing.

I could hear the suspense no longer. For the hundredth time I glanced at my watch. It was but ten minutes to seven o'clock, and at that hour I had resolved to start from Mr. Wilson's on my way to Roding. Yet now I dared not leave my own house. Any moment might bring Philip. What would she think if I was not there to receive and welcome her!

Five more precious moments gone! I stamped in my rage. After all, I can only do one-half of my task: the worst, the least, the half. Shall I, indeed, do either! The train must now be close to Roding. In an hour everything may be lost. The man will see her before she leaves the house. He will persuade her. She will listen to his words; for did he not once love her! He must have loved her! After all, he broke the laws for the sake of possessing her, and she is but a woman!

So I tortured myself until my state of mind grew unbearable. At all hazards I must prevent Ferrand from meeting Philip. Oh, why had she not come as she promised! Could it be she was detained against her will? In spite of her uninterested manner I distrusted the woman I had seen last night. It is now past seven o'clock. Philip's house, from which I had reckoned my time, was nearly three miles away. I must give up my scheme of vengeance. I must go in search of Philip. If I do not meet her I must call at Mrs. Wilson's, find out what detains her, and if needful bear her away by force.

By this time my steps had brought me back to my own house. I called William, and told him I was going to walk up the road and meet my expected guest. If by any chance I should miss her he was to welcome her on my behalf, and tell her the reason for my absence.

"Best take a lantern, sir," said William; "moon'll be hidden, and them roads is precious rough."

"I can't be bothered with that great horn affair," I said, rather testily.

"Take the little one—the bull's-eye—that's better than nothing," said William. To humor him I put it into my pocket.

I ran at the top of my speed to the house at which I had last night left Philip. It took me nearly half an hour getting there. I rang the bell impetuously. The door was opened by a maid servant. I inquired for Mrs. Ferrand, knowing that Philip had passed under this name to all except her hostess. To my surprise I was told that she had left the house, on foot and alone, some little while ago. The maid believed she was not going to return, as her luggage had that morning been sent for.

The first effect of this intelligence was to cause me to blame my haste. I must have misjudged her; no doubt passed her on the road. No; such a thing was impossible. The way was a narrow one. The moon still gave

some light. If I had met Philip I must have seen her. She must have seen me. She would then have stopped me. She could not have gone away I came.

But where was she? In what direction was I to seek her? Argue the matter as I would—loath as I was to allow myself to be convinced, I was bound to decide that she must have taken the path to Roding. There was no other. She had gone, even as I was going, to meet Ferrand. She may have started, intending to come to me; but at the last moment a desire to see the man once more—I fondly hoped for the purpose of heaping reproaches on his head—had mastered her. Yes, whatever her object might be, she had gone to meet him. And my heart sank as conviction was carried to it by the remembrance that coupled with her refusal to permit me to fetch her was an assertion that she had something to do before she came to me. That, as a new road, it could be but one thing—to meet this man!

Never again, if I can help it, shall his voice strike on her ear! Never again shall their eyes meet! Never again shall the touch of even his finger contaminate her! Let me follow, and stand between her and the scoundrel. If they meet he will wound her to the heart. Her pride will rise; she will threaten. Then the coward will try another line. He will plead for mercy; he will swear he still loves her; he will bait his hook with promises. She will listen; hesitate; perhaps yield, and had herself once more deceived. Then she will be lost to me forever. Now she is, in my eyes, pure as when first we met. Let me haste on, overtake, pass her; meet her betrayer, and, if needful, strike him to the ground.

As I turned from the house I became aware that a great and sudden change had come over the night. It seemed to me that, even in the few minutes which I had spent in considering what to do, the heavy clouds had banked and massed together. It was all but pitch-dark; so dark that I paused, and drawing from my pocket the lantern with which William's foresight had provided me, managed after several trials to light it. Then, impatient at the delay, I sped up the road.

I was now almost facing the wind. All at once, sharp and quick, I felt the blinding snow on my face. The wind moaned through the leafless branches on either side of the road. The snow flakes whirled madly here and there. Even in my excitement I was able to realize the fact that never before had I seen in England so fierce a snow storm, or one which came on so suddenly. And, like myself, Philip was abroad, and exposed to its full fury. Heaven's! she might lose her way, and wander about all night.

This fear quickened my steps. I forced my way on through the mad storm. For the time all thought of Sir Mervyn Ferrand and vengeance left my heart. All I now wanted was to find Philip; to lead her home, and see her safe beneath my roof. "Surely," said, as I walked along, "she cannot have gone much further."

I kept a sharp lookout—if, indeed, it can be called a lookout; for the whirling snow made everything, save what was within a few feet of me, invisible. I strained my ears to catch the faintest cry or other sound. I went on, flashing my lantern first on one and then on the other side of the road. My dread was that Philip, utterly unable to fight against the white tempest, might be crouching under one of the banks, and if so I might pass without seeing her or even attracting her attention. My doing so on such a night as this might mean her death.

Oh, why had she not come as promised! Why had she gone to meet the man who had so foully wronged her! After what had happened, she could not, dared not love him. And for a dreary comfort I recalled the utter bitterness of her recent last night when she turned to me and said, "Basil, did you ever hate a man?" No, she could not love him!

These thoughts brought my craving for vengeance back to my mind. Where was Ferrand! By all my calculations, taking into account the time wasted at starting, I should by now have met him. Perhaps he had not come, after all. Perhaps the look of the weather had frightened him, and he had decided to stay at Roding for the night. I raced at the thought! If only I knew that Philip was safely housed, nothing, in my present frame of mind, would have suited me better than to have met him on this lonely road, in the midst of this wild storm. If Philip was in the safe!

Still no sign of her. I began to waver in my mind. What if my first supposition, that I had passed her on the road, was correct! She might be now at my cottage, wondering what had become of me. Should I go further or turn back! But what would be my feelings if I did the latter and found when I arrived home that she had not made her appearance!

I halted, irresolute, in the centre of the road. Instinctively I beat my hands together to promote circulation. I had left no provision for the undergoing of such an ordeal as this terrible, unprecedented snowstorm inflicted. In spite of the speed at which I had traveled, my hands and feet were growing numb, my face smarted with the cold. Heaven help me to decide aright, whether to go on or turn back!

The decision was not left to me. Suddenly, close at hand, I heard a wild peal, a scream of laughter which made my blood run cold. Swift from the whirling, tossing, drifting snow emerged a tall gay figure. It swept past me like the wind; but as it passed me I knew that my quest was ended—that Philip was found!

She vanished in a second, before the terror which rooted me to the spot had passed away. Then I turned, and fast as I could run, followed her, crying as I went, "Philip! Philip!"

I soon overtook her; but so dark was the night that I was almost touching her before I saw her shadow, ghost-like form. I threw my arms round her and held her. She struggled violently in my grasp.

"Philip, dearest! it is I, Basil," I said, bending close to her ear.

The sound of my voice seemed to calm her, or I should rather say she ceased to struggle.

"Thank heaven, I have found you!" I said. "Let us get back as soon as possible."

"Back! Not Go on, go on!" she exclaimed. "On, on, on, up the road yet awhile—on through the storm, through the snow—on till you see what I have left behind me! On till you see the wages of sin—the wages of sin!"

Her words came like bullets from a mitrailleuse. Through the night I could see her face gleaming whiter than the snow on her hood. I could see her great, fixed, dark eyes full of nameless horror.

"Dearest, be calm," I said, and strove to take her hands in mine.

As I tried to gain possession of her right hand something fell from it, and, although the road was now coated with snow, metallic sound rang out as it tumbled on the ground. Mechanically I stooped to pick up the fallen object.

As I did so, Philip, with a white, wasted herself from the one instant when she grasped still sought to retain her, and with a frenzied reiteration of the words, "The wages of sin!" flung from me, and was lost in the night.

Even as I rushed in pursuit I shuddered as the sense of feeling that what thing it was I had picked up from the snowy ground. It was a small pistol! Cold as the touch of the metal must have been, it seemed to burn me like a coal of fire. Impulsively, thoughtlessly, as I ran I hurled the weapon from me, far, far away. Why should it have been in Philip's hand this night?

The sensation in Virginia is the elope ment of a thirty-five-year old woman with her adopted son, aged twenty, to whom she had acted as a mother for ten years.

Lieut. Greely says that of his nineteen men who perished all but one were smokers, and that one was the last to die. The seven survivors were non smokers.

One Bottle Instead of a Dozen.

"And it took only one bottle to do it," said a gentleman, speaking of Parker's Hair Balsam. I had a run of fever and when I got well that my hair began to fall out so fast as to alarm me. I really didn't know what to do until one day a friend said, 'Try Parker's Hair Balsam.' What surprised me was the fact that one bottle was enough. I expected to use up a dozen." Clean, highly perfumed, not oily, not a dye. Restores original color.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SMALL FARM For RENT.

I have a small Farm for rent for the year 1885. Forty acres to go in corn. Wood and water abundant. For particulars call on

ALEXANDER MARTIN, Stanford, Ky.

401-21

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the Stockholders of the National Bank will be held at their banking house in

Hustonsville on TUESDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1885, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve for the ensuing year.

401 J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in

Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1885, for the purpose of electing eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year.

401-1d JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers National Bank will be held at their banking house in

Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1885, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

400-1d J. B. OWSELEY, Cashier.

Last Call!

TAXES! TAXES!!

TO TAX-PAYERS OF LINCOLN CO.—I will advertise for sale all the real estate that the taxes are not paid on by Jan. 6th, 1885, also the names of all delinquent tax payers that have not paid by same time.

401 J. N. MENEFEE, S. L. C.

GO TO

W. G. GREEN,

Moreland, Ky.,

FOR BARGAINS!

I have a large stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps and a Large Stock of Fancy Groceries and Candles. I will sell stock candy at 12 1/2 cts; on Sugar 12 1/2 cts; on Tea 12 1/2 cts; on Coffee 12 1/2 cts; on all other goods sold at Rock Bottom Prices for Cash. No goods sold on time. Come and see and price my goods before buying elsewhere. Yours Respectfully

W. G. GREEN.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE KEPT IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S

LIVER

INVIGORATOR

Is a cure for Liver Complaints and all diseases caused by a torpid condition of the Liver, such as Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Stomachic, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and strengthens the system. An invaluable FAMILY MEDICINE. Thousands of Testimonials prove its merit. Any druggist will tell you its reputation.

—AT—

Masonheimer's Restaurant

—OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE—

DANVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY.

Meals are served at all hours. Game always on hand and in its season, oysters fresh fish, and similar delicacies served in all styles and on short notice. Look out for the sign "Woodbine Restaurant" and call when you are hungry.

F. W. MASONHEIMER & CO., Danville, Ky.

SALE OF LAND.

As Agent of John Craig's estate, I will offer at public auction (if not sold privately before) on

MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1885,

County Court day, in front of the Court-House, land in Stanford, the Tract of Land containing about 25 Acres, lying opposite the residence of Mrs. John H. Shanks, on the Crab Orchard pike, and between the lands of Peyton Embury and J. Darst. For further information address me at Lebanon, Ky. [396] JAS. T. CRAIG.

PUBLIC SALE!

STOCK, CROP, & C.

I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, without reserve or limit, at my house 3 1/2 miles south of Stanford, on the Shelby City pike, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1884

100 barrels of splendid Corn in the crib, 300 or 400 shocks of Fodder, 1 Straw Stack, 1 Stack of Millet, 1 thoroughbred Bull Calf, 1 yearling Steer, 2 high-grade Heifers, 1 splendid, thoroughbred Heifer, 2 high-grade Cows, 1 Mule Colt, 3 thoroughbred Berkshire Boars, 45 head Stock Hogs, consisting of Shorthorn, Duroc, and also some Household Goods. Terms, 60 days' time on good, bankable paper. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock P. M.

400-1d T. L. CROW

"LITTLE BAREFOOT,"

—AT OPERA HOUSE—

STANFORD, Saturday Eve, Dec. 20

In which MISS LUCY BURTON plays the leading role, assisted by Misses Fannie Reid, Bessie Pennington, Lettie Helm, Daisy Burgess and the Little Band and a number of young gentlemen of Stanford.

A Domestic Drama in Five Acts!

Maggie Mitchell's and Lotta's greatest Play. Benefactor of the Stanford Gold and Silver Band. During the evening solos will be rendered by Prof. P. L. BAKER, the

Great Solo Clarinetist and Violinist

—And by Mr. JOE F. WATERS—

Kentucky's Great Baritone Soloist.

Dr. LEE F. HUFFMAN, Gen'l Mgrs.

Prof. P. L. Baker, Leader of Orchestra and Gold Band. J. T. Carson, Musical Director. E. C. Walton, Advertising Agent.

Prices as usual. Reserved seats now on sale.

XMAS TIDINGS!

GOOD NEWS

For You and Everybody Looking for

BARGAINS IN HOLIDAY GOODS

McROBERTS & STAGG'S

We have Opened the Largest Assortment, Choicest Goods and Lower Prices

Than Ever Before Offered. Come and See a Grand Exposition of Holiday Novelties in Jewelry, Silverware, Xmas Books, Fancy Goods and Toys. Don't fail to visit us and BUY while our stock is complete and be for the choicest Novelties are taken.

Christmas, '84!

A Full Line of Watches, Jewelry & Silverware.

Largest Stock! Lowest Prices! Best Goods! Latest Styles in Everything!

Also a full line of Books, Christmas Cards, Toilet Sets, Toilet Cases and Fancy Articles of all kinds suitable for Holiday Presents. Call and examine our stock.

PENNY & McALISTER.

B. K. WEAREN,

UNDERTAKER,

—AND—

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

Taylor Manufacturing Co. CHAMBERSBURG, PA. Five Awards at the Louisville Exposition in 1883.

Engines from 2 to 250 horse power. Saw Mills from \$200 to the largest standard sizes. Portable Corn Mills from the North Carolina Mill Stone Co., the best Mills in the world for making meal for table use. Write for prices. Address GEO. D. WEAREN, P. HAMTON, GENERAL AGT., Traveling Agent STANFORD, KY.

BARGAINS!

In Buggies, Carriages, Phaetons, Surreys, Speed Wagons, Spring Wagons and Buck Boards.

A large consignment received from the Spikes Wagon Company; also several Columbus Buggy Company's Vehicles,

Which I am authorized to sell at very Low Prices to reduce stock. These Vehicles are all FIRST-CLASS and second to none made.

GEO. D. WEAREN,

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

The Sun.

An Independent Newspaper of Democratic Principles, but not Controlled by any Set of Politicians or Manipulators. Devoted to Collecting and Publishing all the News of the Day in the most interesting Shape and with the greatest possible Promptness, Accuracy and Impartiality, and to the Promotion of Democratic Ideas and Policy in the affairs of Government, Society and Industry.

Rates, by Mail, Postpaid.	
DAILY, per Year	\$6 00
DAILY, per Month	50 00
SUNDAY, per Year	1 00
DAILY and SUNDAY per Year	7 00
WEEKLY, per Year	1 00

Address, THE SUN, New York City.

I. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12:45 P. M.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1:05 P. M.
Express train " " " " " " " "	1:14 A. M.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1:40 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY your school books from Tate & Penny.
WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Tate & Penny.
A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Tate & Penny.

PERSONAL.

—Mrs. J. H. HOCKER is reported very ill.
—Miss SALLIE GREEN, of Bell county, is visiting Miss Mamie Besley.
—Col. W. G. WELCH went to Pine Hill yesterday to sell out the store and other property of the old Pine Hill Co.
—Mrs. LEWIS STRAUS, of Louisville, is up on a visit to her son, Samuel, who, she found was neither scared nor hurt.
—Miss SALLIE YEAGER has gone to the New Orleans Exposition, accompanied by her father and others from the Providence neighborhood.
—Mr. THOMAS W. BLACKBERRY moved to his farm in Washington county yesterday which he had bought, 422 acres for \$5,000. Mr. Blackberry is a good citizen and a boss democrat and leaves many friends behind him.
—Mr. J. L. THURMOND writes from Ash Grove, Mo., that he could not be satisfied to be so far from his home were it not for the semi weekly visits of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, which he compliments very highly in remitting for another year.
—Mr. WALLACE E. VARNON desires to be Assistant District Attorney and his friends in large numbers are signing a petition to the incoming President to appoint him. He is both capable and ambitious and would no doubt fill the position with much credit.
—Hon. J. M. UNTHANK who represents Harlan, Bell and a number of other counties in the Legislature, was here this week on legal business. When asked to remain to the performance given for the benefit of the Gold Band, he was forced to decline but bought two tickets to it all the same. The boys are therefore longing for a chance to serenade him and will do it if he ever comes this way again.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Go to D. Klass' for bargains.
Bourne's advertisement is a shame.
Go to Warren & Metcalf's for Christmas goods.
"LITTLE BAREFOOT" at Opera House to-morrow night.
Fire works of every description at Bright & Curran's.
D. Klass' "Red Letter Sale" means prices cut in half.
FANCY candies, candy fruits and toys in great abundance at S. S. Myers.
Toys, Fancy Candies, Fruits and Cakes in abundance at T. R. Walton's.
Who was the first that cut the old-fashioned big profits down? D. Klass.
Come and see our big display of hall and library lamps. Bright & Curran.
DOLLS innumerable, Fancy China in every conceivable style. S. S. Myers.
THE prospects for a full house to-morrow night are flattering. See "Little Barefoot."
ALL in favor of patronizing D. Klass will please call early before the stock is broken.
BRING all the children to see the beautiful Toys and Christmas Trux generally, I now have open. T. R. Walton.
Don't fail to go and see S. S. Myers', large stock and display of Christmas goods the best place in town to supply your wants.
A PRETTY good sized snow fell Wednesday and there were several spurts of it yesterday. In the morning the mercury stood at 10 degrees.
ALL those desiring to send food or clothing to the Baptist Orphan's Home as a Christmas Gift will please leave at R. S. Lytle's store to-day or to-morrow.
THE exercises attending the Christmas Tree at the Christian church will begin at 6 o'clock p. m. sharp, next Wednesday, Christmas eve. Everybody is invited to participate.
OUR stock of Christmas goods this year will consist of novelties in China and Glassware, Lamps, &c., Nuts, Raisins, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Bananas, and the finest and largest assortment of Candies ever brought to this market. Warren & Metcalf.
A DETECTIVE from Cincinnati arrested Dock Cates, Wednesday, and took him to that city for putting ties and rails on the Southern railroad track near Green River bridge. The detective came as a tramp and getting in with Cates soon got hold of enough to cause him to arrest him. Cates is not a bright fellow at best.
COUNTRY dwellings, barns, and the contents of both are liable to burn at any time or be struck by lightning no matter how careful the owners or occupants are. So the wisest course to secure indemnity in case of a loss is to insure with Jno. M. Phillips, Stanford, Ky. He represents the strongest, best and most prompt paying Insurance Companies. Calendars for 1885 free to all who call for them.

FRESH FISH always on hand. J. T. Har-

The finest line of overcoats below cost at Klass'.

No young lady should read Bourne's advertisement.

D. Klass sells every article at and below cost this month.

CUSTOM made boots and shoes below cost at D. Klass'.

D. Klass' new and elegant store is opposite "Myers House."

DRESS goods in great variety at ridiculously low prices at D. Klass'.

SPLENDID Bananas, Lemons, Cocoanuts &c., very cheap at T. R. Walton's.

FRESH Oysters in both bulk and cans cheaper than anywhere else. S. S. Myers.

THERE will likely be a Masquerade Skating Carnival during the holidays at the rink.

A big lot of chamber sets will be closed out at cost for this week only. Bright & Curran.

NEXT Tuesday's issue will also be a double one, especially devoted to Christmas matter.

THE Superior Court has reversed the decision in the case of James vs. Buchanan, Judge Bowden dissenting.

Who is the friend of the merchant, the laborer, the farmer? D. Klass. He gives them a chance to save money.

ORANGES, Lemons, Bananas, Apple Raisins, Dates, Prunes, Currants, Citrons and Nuts of all kinds at S. S. Myers'.

FOR RENT.—After January 1, the very desirable store room under the INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Address W. P. Walton.

Who introduced the motto "Small Profits, Quick Sales?" D. Klass. He sticks to it, too, and now don't forget your friend and fellow citizen, D. Klass.

It is pretty cold weather for "Little Barefoot" but a big crowd is going to see her all the same. The performance promises to be the theatrical event of the season.

HAND CUT OFF.—Chas. Bonta, formerly of Mercer county, had the best portion of his left hand cut off while coupling cars here the other night. The brakeman's lot is far from being a safe or happy one.

SOME excitement was created Wednesday by Mr. John Myers getting after a man named Alvin Richards, with a huge pistol because he abused him for not hiring him a horse. Richards was drunk and was subsequently arrested for carrying a concealed weapon.

MR. GEO. BUSSE, one of our new citizens from Switzerland, tells us that he is well pleased with the results of his first year's farming in Kentucky. He made good crops and finds a ready market for his surplus, if he takes it in trade, though he'd much prefer the cash. He subscribed to the INTERIOR JOURNAL when he first came and finds that it assists him much in getting acquainted with the country.

FIRE.—The large dwelling house on the farm of Mrs. J. H. Myers burned at 1 A. M. yesterday, causing a total loss on the house and its entire contents, which consisted of the furniture and other household goods of the five families which occupied it: D. P. Holton, L. A. Brewitt, Hayden Ellerson, Noah Henry and Leonard Rutledge. The house was a large one of 14 rooms and worth fully \$3,000. It was insured in the E. Ins. for \$1,500. The origin of the fire is unknown, the occupants knowing nothing of it till awakened barely in time to save their lives. The loss falls heavily on them and those who are able ought to respond liberally to their aid.

NEWS comes from St. Joe, Mo., that Messrs R. W. Hocker and Stephen Woodson have purchased 500 shares of the Saxton National Bank at an average of \$132. The larger portion was obtained from Mr. J. W. McAllister, cashier, who, owing to bad health will resign and return to his old home here. Mr. Hocker will likely be elected cashier and Mr. Woodson will take Mr. Hocker's place. It is said that the bank will declare a dividend of 35 per cent. January 1st, and then increase its stock \$100,000, making it \$200,000. This stock is to be placed where it will do the most good at \$115, which when we consider that there will be a surplus of \$10,000 on hand, will make its actual cost \$105, and very valuable stock at that.

MARRIAGES.

—Miss Nellie Oldham and Judge John C. Chenault, Miss Maggie Oldham and John Doty were married in Madison on the 10th.—[Herald].

—Mr. Geo. D. Drye and Miss Hattie Wallace, and Mr. Charles Wilcher and Miss Mollie Purdy, eloped from Casey county, and were married in Jeffersonville Monday night.

—Thomas G. Nunnally and Miss Mattie S. Riffe, daughter of Mr. G. W. Riffe, were married at his residence on the 17th. Miss Riffe is a sister of Mr. Nunnally's former wife and is spoken of as a very excellent young lady. Our congratulations are extended.

—Miss Susie Yeager was married on Wednesday at the residence of her father, Mr. L. T. Yeager, to Mr. Frank G. Wood, of Indianapolis, Rev. J. M. Bruce and John L. Smith officiating. The attendants were Miss Lizzie Montgomery, of Lebanon, and Mr. C. Fox, of Danville. Miss Susie is a niece of I. M. and J. E. Bruce, of this place. She is the embodiment of loveliness and has always been noted for her amiable disposition. Mr. Wood's gain is the almost unbearable loss of two or three young men of this section, who will not listen to words

of consolation, and if it were not for one thing the writer would be in the same category. With her as his companion for life he can but be happy, and may he always fully appreciate the exceedingly rare and priceless jewel of which he has just obtained possession. J. F. W.

DEATHS.

—Dr. Thos. L. Moberly, of Richmond, is dead, in his eighty-second year.

—Died of catarrhal fever at 7 A. M., Wednesday, Alma, daughter of F. M. and Mrs. Mattie E. Ware, aged 7 years. She was a bright and interesting child and the hearts of her parents are wrung to give her up. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

RELIGIOUS.

—Rev. R. R. Noel will preach at Precherville next Sunday at 11 A. M.

—Rev. Geo. O. Barnes has resumed his delightful letters to the Stanford JOURNAL. He is now in London.—[Richmond Herald].

—The Louisville Commercial's New York correspondent understands that Mr. W. T. Price has had an offer to reprint the "Life of George O. Barnes by a London firm."

—Rev. C. F. Reid, the Kentucky Conference missionary to China, has returned to America, arriving at San Francisco, November 24.

—Messrs. E. B. Caldwell, Jr., and E. S. Gooch write that Rev. A. Mobly's meeting at Double Springs closed with 34 additions 30 by baptism. Church greatly revived.

—Mrs. and Miss Vonholz, evangelists, are holding a meeting at Versailles, which has resulted in 128 conversions, 105 cleanings from sin and 48 additions to the church.

—Eld. S. W. Crutcher, of Danville, will preach at Mt. Xenia next Sunday at 3 P. M. There will be a Christmas Tree at the same place on the night of the 24th. All invited.

—The Second Adventists have fixed up on January 4 or 5, 1885, as the date when time shall be no more. And we will not get to see Cleveland's inauguration after all. Too bad, too bad.

—A report to the Methodist Centennial in session at Baltimore shows the present strength of this church in the United States to be as follows: Travelling preachers, 26,362; local preachers, 33,935; members in full, 3,724,145; probationers, 177,230; total communicants, 3,951,026. For the whole world the figures he gave were: Travelling preachers, 13,989; local preachers, 77,093; communicants, 5,319,943. In the U. S. the church has 70 universities and colleges, 100 female colleges and 10 theological schools.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—J. H. Hocker has sold to Henry Baughman 97 acres of the old Garvin tract of land at \$20.

—J. W. Brewitt sold 130 head of fat sheep to Sadler & Co., of Cincinnati, at 43 cents, weight 154 pounds.—[Winchester Democrat].

—Brent Barnett sold his farm of 50 acres to Fortner Holmes for \$4,000 cash. The farm lies on the Hustonville pike, where the C. S. railroad crosses it.

—Cattle are weak in Louisville at 1 1/2 to 3/4 for common to 5 1/2 to 5.50 for shippers, hogs are firm at 3 1/2 to 4 1/2; sheep are quiet 1 1/2 to 3 1/2. In Cincinnati, cattle are in fair demand at 1 1/2 to 6 1/2; hogs firm at 4 to 4 1/2; sheep in demand 1 1/2 to 4 1/2.

—David Scott, of Lincoln county, sold to Walton & Sweeney 5 acres of tobacco, averaging 1,200 lbs., for \$7 per hundred. Joe Weisiger one of our most enterprising traders sold 66 New York cattle, weighing 1,500 lbs. at \$6 per hundred.—[Lancaster News].

HUSONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Sickness is prevailing to a considerable extent among the children in this region. A little boy of Henry Nall died on Sunday. A child of G. C. Lyon is very ill. Several other children are more or less seriously afflicted. The prevalent disease is of the character of diphtheria.

—THE INTERIOR JOURNAL came in on Tuesday, not only double its usual dimensions, but filled to the brim with sprightly, sparkling, solid and instructive matter. The peculiarity of this versatile sheet is that while it is always well filled and apparently doing its best, it can, when the humor strikes it, expand itself and soar above the proudest of its former flights.

—The Literary Club are remodeling their organization and propose to enhance its interests and efficiency by the addition to the programme of several new features. It is encouraging to see a disposition among any people in these days of frivolity, to cultivate the intellectual nature and develop the mind as well as the muscles into activity and potency.

—I expect to be at the office of the Superintendent in Stanford on Saturday the 20th. Reports from teachers can be sent in by mail to this place at any time and answers returned at once. I hope all who are ready will send soon. I expect to go to Louisville on the 29th inst. to attend the sessions of the State Teachers' Association and will probably be absent several days.

—The Peyton family are moving to their new home near Stanford. J. W. Reid takes the house they occupied. Elder Williams and family will board with him. Mr. Williams has been seriously sick for several days. His friends are solicitous about the result. He is however better at this writing. We are to have a new citizen in the person of Mr. Faulkner Holmes (Fort) who has purchased the farm of Mr. Brent Barnett, about 50 acres, I believe for \$4,000.

—As coming events have a trick of casting their shadows before, so Christmas is beginning already to herald the approach of its festive empire. Bright little eyes

sparkle more brightly still as they glance at the glittering display of toys and trinkets, and the Christmas tree, which is growing fast, is looked forward to as a magical creation, bearing its precious fruit in lavish abundance and distributing its rich supply with marvelous wisdom and matchless generosity.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—There will be a Christmas tree at the Baptist church Christmas eve. Everybody invited to participate.

—An infant son of W. M. Howard died Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock after a lingering illness of several weeks.

—James Joplin, of Mt. Vernon, bought several hogs in this vicinity last week, for which he paid from 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 cents.

—Your correspondent has just received a nice present from a friend in Stanford in the shape of 8 nice fat 300-lb. hogs, for which he returns many thanks.

—Capt. F. W. Dillon sold a 1/2 interest in his saw mill near Chappel's Gap in this county to Joseph Melvin for \$1,000; Mr. Melvin is a mill man of considerable experience. The new firm has our best wishes.

—Died at the residence of his son Richard Collier, John Collier, at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, aged about 80 years. He was one of our oldest citizens and has been a useful man and will be greatly missed.

—Wednesday morning, just before daylight, some one went to the stable of Peyton King between town and the depot and borrowed his mare, bridle and saddle, and has forgotten to return them. The mare is a chestnut sorrel, 9 years old and about 15 hands high.

—Miss Louanna James left last Saturday for a visit of several weeks to her many friends in Boyle county. Miss Lillie Lyter after a very pleasant visit of two weeks to her old friends here, left Tuesday for her home in Louisville. We are glad to report Miss Lulu Bowman convalescent.

—J. H. Stephens, our popular hotel man has returned from Greenburg, Edward county Kansas, at which place he proposes to locate as soon as he can close out his business here. Mr. Stephens gives a glowing description of the country and thinks the town, which is now quite an infant, is destined at no very distant day to become quite a city.

—Pete Whitley, a negro boy about 19 years of age, seemed to lose his mental faculties very suddenly, after assisting his father in the blacksmith shop all day Monday. He amused the boys about town during the evening by his very extravagant and nonsensical talk, proposing to hire burglers at fabulous prices to drive to Stanford to get his license to marry, &c. Tuesday morning marshal Saunders put him under guard by request of his father who seemed to fear he might do something very wrong, or harm himself in some way. He don't appear at all violent, but will probably be taken before the county judge to-morrow to be tried for lunacy. LATER. He has been tried and so adjudged.

—THE SLAUGHTERING OF CATTLE.—The process of killing and dressing beef at the stock yards, says a contemporary, is not as expeditious and wonderful in character as is that of killing and dressing hogs. The features most noticeable are the two methods used in killing the animal at the start. One of these methods is through the use of the rifle and the other the lance. In both the animals are driven singly from the yard into a narrow box stall open at the top. A dozen of these stalls are in a row, and over their tops are laid some loose planks on which the slayer walks with rifle or lance in hand. In the case of the rifle the executioner puts a ball into the animal's brain at short range, which kills instantly. Not a groan is heard, not a muscle moves. The animal falls like a lump of lead, and is at once dragged from the stall into the slaughter house, where the throat is cut and the process of dressing is completed.

—In an interview Jay Gould says the country passes through stages of depression about once every ten years, and adds that he believes business will considerably revive in 1885.

—John B. Hoffman was hanged at Cincinnati Tuesday for the murder of his son. He begged piteously and had to be held up while the noose was being adjusted. His family deserted him after his terrible deed.

—Another son came to the gall a day or two before the hanging and hallooed at him, "You old son of a b—h," to which he replied, "Get out, you bastard."

—P. J. Sloucum, a school teacher near Horse Cave, Hart county, incurred the ill-will of some members of the community, and has received several anonymous letters lately, suggesting that if he didn't leave the town he would be waited upon. He did not leave, and on Saturday night a mob of twenty surrounded his house. He fired into the crowd and succeeded in driving them away. Wayne Craine was killed inside the yard, and John Long was wounded in the leg. Several horses were wounded. Long claims the crowd was not a mob, but that they were riding peaceably along the road when fired on.

—"Is the howling of a dog always followed by a death?" asked a little girl of her father. "Not always my dear. Sometimes the man that shoots at the dog misses him," was the prompt reply.—[Nashville Budget].

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL

FOR 1885

AVAILABLE TO ALL

Will be mailed to all

who apply for it

and to customers of last year without

ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices,

descriptions and directions for planting all

Vegetable and Flower SEEDS, BULBS, etc.

D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

WE HAVE THEM

—TO—

PLEASE EVERY ONE,

—BOTH IN—

QUALITY & PRICE,

—AND THINK—

It will Be to Your Interest to See Our Goods

—BEFORE MAKING YOUR SELECTION.—

The Largest and Cheapest Line of Candies, Nuts and Foreign Fruits

Ever Brought to Stanford.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

Presents for your Mother-in law at Bourne's.
Presents for your Granmammy at Bourne's.
Presents for your Gal at Bourne's.
Presents for your Fellow at Bourne's.
Presents for your Friend at Bourne's.
Presents for your Sister, Father, Mother—Everybody at Bourne's.

Toilet Cases at Bourne's.
Nail Sets at Bourne's.
Baby Sets at Bourne's.
Christmas Cards at Bourne's.
Dolls at Bourne's.
Anything you want at Bourne's.

Bourne is the Friend of the Gift-Maker—in fact

Bourne is a nice little man,
Pource is a dandy;
Bourne sells the nicest goods
And feeds the girl on candy.—[Shakespeare].

Then go immediately and see BOURNE at the New Drug Store, next door to Higgins, STANFORD, KY.

W. H. HIGGINS,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles,
Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips,
Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness,
Spokes, Grates, Older Mills, Lap Covers,
Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars.

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salesmen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

WORKING THE CLOTHING MAN

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Stanford, Ky., - December 19, 1884

"NAME 'EM GOVERNOR, NAME 'EM." Gov. Porter, of Indiana, tells a very funny story on himself, acknowledging that once in his life he was floored. During the recent campaign he went into a small town to make a speech. He began something in this way: "My friends, I am glad to meet you again; I always like to come to Blankville, and to see as I do now, so many old friends." Just here a tall, gaunt Hoosier in a coonskin cap, cried out in an inimitable voice: "Name 'em, Governor, name 'em!" And the Governor says he was so broken up by this untimely inquiry for details that he could not name a man. The Hoosiers laughed good naturedly, and the Governor joined in, too. "Name 'em, G. - ernor, name 'em!" has become a by word in the Hoosier State. - [Chicago Times.]

Be sure thy sins will find thee out. President Arthur's greatest blunder was his endorsement of the corrupt Mahone and his gang of Regulators in Virginia. He has been rewarded in the efforts of Riddleberger one of Mahone's creatures, to prevent the confirmation of Hugh McCulloch as Secretary of the Treasury, which have resulted in the matter being twice postponed in the executive session of the Senate. McCulloch will probably be confirmed, but it must disgust the President to have the cur that he has protected turn and snap at him at the close of his official power. - [Louisville Times.]

Bob Ingersoll lectured in Cincinnati yesterday afternoon. He used to fill the largest halls in that city. His audience yesterday was small. In other towns this season his hearers have been comparatively few. This is one of the best signs of the times. Ingersoll, witty and brilliant as he is, is a mercenary mountebank. He makes a base use of his splendid abilities. Whatever his purpose the effect is to throw off all religious restraints. Intelligent people are becoming disgusted with his gross attempts to ridicule the faith which comforted their fathers and mothers in life and afforded them infinite consolation in death. - [Covington Commonwealth.]

GRIS, DON'T SMOKE. - It grieves the Journal to learn that sweet girls, graduates, with golden hair, clandestinely consume cigarettes. The case of a Baltimore girl, arrested by order of her aunt, in this city, should prove a warning. She started on one cigarette, and now consumes a package a day. When arrested she was rapidly approaching emphysema, and would eventually have reached a short, black clay pipe. Girls think of this! Chew gum, if you like, but turn not your pretty mouths into root factories. - [N. Y. Journal.]

A heavy pounding on the floor above caused young Mr. Snylate to inquire of the girl on whom he was calling: "Are your folks tacking down carpets this evening?" "O, no," she replied; "it's only papa putting on his heaviest boots, and—"

"Good evening," interrupted the youth, as he dashed out of the door like a circus clown through a hoop.

Stammering, as many sufferers have found, may sometimes be got rid of in a simple way. A correspondent writes to the Boston Transcript: "I cured myself of an annoying habit of stammering by never allowing myself to speak unless the lungs are fully inflated. A little careful attention soon made the practice a habit, and now I never stammer unless much excited."

A hotel keeper on Staten Island dug a hole beside a large boulder for the purpose of burying it. In attempting to get out of the hole the boulder tumbled in upon the unlucky Boniface and crushed him to death. He was probably the first person who ever dug his own grave, buried himself and erected his own gravestone.

"E helinda Jane," he said in deep, passionate tones, "will you be my own darling wife?"

"If I thought you loved me, Augustus," she faltered.

"Love you!" he exclaimed wildly. "I adore you! I would wander the wide world over for your sweet sake."

"Then I will be yours," said the maiden; "but only on one condition."

"What is that condition?" he said in a paroxysm of joy. "Name it, name it; and if it is to snatch the burning sun from the cerulean firmament, I will agree to it."

"It is not so difficult as that," she said calmly, it is simply this: that you will never say after we are married that I can't cook as well as your mother."

The young man shook his head and departed sorrowfully. The sacrifice was too great.

He entered the coal office with a small market basket on his arm.

"Give me a ton of coal,"

"Yes, sir," replied the coal merchant, "where shall I send it?"

"Oh, just put it in my basket; I'll carry it home myself."

"But we have a wagon right here and can send it up right at once."

"No; I can carry the coal up easy enough but you might send the bill up in a wagon."

— [Chicago News.]

PERSEVERANCE.—The other day down in the country, after a marriage ceremony had been performed, the bride, groom and several friends walked down to the spring.

"Is he outen' hearin'?" asked the bride.

"Yes," some one replied.

"Well, thank the Lord, it's over. I've been er trying to hem that feller up for more than ten years, an' have just succeeded. I want er say to you wimmen folk: Don't give up. Rodeck what the bible says: 'If you don't git what you air arter at fast keep peggin' away till you git thar'."

— [Arkansas Traveler.]

It is about time now to see after young fruit trees, else the rabbits may peel them.

A good plan is to wrap the stock of the tree with old rags or newspapers for about two feet from the ground. Some claim that a good washing with blood will keep them off, but we think the most successful as well as the least troublesome is to take lard and sulphur, well mixed together, and give the trees a good coat. This will keep them off and does not have to be repeated but once a year. At any rate, do something for your trees immediately, if you wish to save them.

The effect of a discharge in bankruptcy is absolutely to extinguish the debt and not merely to bar the remedy for its recovery, and hence the mere acknowledgement of a debt after a discharge in bankruptcy therefrom, however clear, distinct and unambiguous it may be in its terms, is not sufficient to restore the debt so that suit may be maintained thereon. So held in the case of *Edison vs. King*, decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on the 16th ult., and reported in the *Albany Law Journal*.

Chief Justice Green of Washington Territory, in his last charge to the grand jury, bears the following testimony to the good effect of woman serving on juries: "Twelve terms of court, ladies and gentlemen, I have now held, in which women have served as grand and petty jurors, and it is certainly a fact beyond dispute that no other twelve terms so salutary for restraint of crime have ever been held in this Territory."

Wheat is so plenty everywhere throughout the wheat raising countries that the farmers who produce that cereal almost exclusively are hard pressed for money. The recent advance was too small to afford them any material relief, and they find themselves short of money to pay old debts or to buy new supplies of goods. - [Chicago Times.]

Shakespeare killed two-thirds of all his characters with cold steel. A dozen died, from old age, seven were beheaded, five died from poison, two of suffocation, two by strangling, three by snake bites, one from a fall, one is drowned and one is thumped to death with a sand bag.

In the neighborhood of Lompoc, Cal., about 150 tons of honey will be stored by over this winter, yet not one-twentieth of the bee range there is utilized. There are thousands of acres of sage brush land that will never be cleared of this peculiar brush; hence apiculture is destined to become more and more one of California's chief industries and one in which men of small capital can embark. There are lands on the Santa Rita and Purisima ranches for sale at not to exceed \$2 per acre, which are covered with a heavy growth of sage and other flowering shrubs from which bees extract honey.

STILL MAD ABOUT IT.—Texas is the last State to send in her election figures, and she comes brazenly to the front with a plurality for Cleveland over Blaine of 134,855 and a democratic majority of 128,021 over all. We begin to think that Mr. Webster was right when he warned the country against the annexation of Texas, and Phil Sheridan was right when he said that "if he owned hell and Texas" he would live in the former and rest out the latter. - [Globe Democrat.]

A wise man has discovered that the figures "22" occupy considerable space in President Cleveland's history. To begin there are 22 letters in his name. He was born on the 22d day of the month, is the 22d President of the United States, executed a man on the 22d of the month, and there are just 22 letters in Rev. Mr. Burckhard's celebrated alliteration. He will also dedicate the Washington monument on the 22d of February.

Canvas bags, it is said, can be made as impervious to moisture as leather by steeping it in a decoction of one pound of oak bark with fourteen pounds of boiling water, this quantity being sufficient for 8 yards of stuff. The cloth from which the bags are made has to soak twenty four hours, when it is taken out, passed through running water, and hung up to dry.

Quite awful! Miss Daisy Greene (to Jones, who has just been introduced): "What funny-looking people one meets out, Mr. Jones; only look at that frightful girl in the doorway." Jones: "I can't help thinking she is not so bad looking as the awkward stick who is talking to her." Miss G.: "The awkward stick is my brother." Jones: "The frightful girl is my sister." Tableau.

High etiquette says that ladies who are still single and have reached 25 have their own cards, but previous to this independent state their names are written on the calling cards of their mother. Although this rule is well known in the best society it is a remarkable fact that order for individual cards are as scarce as blue birds in December.

Rice paste is especially to be recommended in cases where it is desired that the object pasted on or together shall undergo no change in color or shading. It is prepared by mixing rice flour and water, which mixture is then heated slowly to a boiling point until the required consistency is obtained. It possesses great adhesive power.

With the exception of Gen. Harrison, who was in the office only a month, all our Presidents have had blue eyes.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Beware of cheap imitations. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at T. & P. Penny.

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Mrs. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, N. H. writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters and is now much improved that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at T. & P. Penny.

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Theron P. Kentor, editor of the Fort Wayne (Indiana) Gazette, writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of the most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in the same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough that I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at T. & P. Penny's Drug store and get a Free Trial Bottle. Largest size 75c.

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